

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Death Of
Freedom

PRESIDENT Peron only has to read the sleep walking scene from Macbeth to learn that blood will have blood; and the Bible which he has renounced to know that they who live by the sword will die by the sword.

His brief exhortation to members of the Peronista movement on Thursday makes grim reading. He says: "Anyone who seeks to disturb order against the constituted authority may be killed by any Argentinian." This is the language of Hitler and Goebbels at its worst, the frenzied words of a crazed fanatic.

Freedom is to be ruthlessly trampled in the dust. This is an appeal to the forces of anarchy and chaos, to mob-rule and indiscriminate and arbitrary violence which all civilised people of the world strongly condemn. This is the kind of totalitarianism the free world fought for five bitter years to subdue in the second world war.

NOW it rears its ugly head again. Peron has handed law and order to the Peronista movement. That means six million more policemen in Argentina, with no badge of office, and little sense of justice or social responsibility. And they are not just policemen and executioners as well. The possibilities of this new edict are frightening to contemplate.

Recent events in Argentina have confused the most careful observers. Once Peron appeared to be a deflated demagogue. But his resilience was discounted and now he seems more inflated than ever. Furthermore he was seen on his balcony in Buenos Aires on Thursday flanked by leaders of the armed services.

Does this mean that the once-powerful military junta that ruled the country has capitulated to Peron's cause? If so it is a sad day for Argentina and for those who fight for liberty and freedom. Argentina is a member of the United Nations and a subscriber to the charter which proclaims, among other things, the doctrine of tolerance. President Peron and his fanatical adherents appear determined to make a mockery of this doctrine to which they cynically give lip service.

"I Saved
Hirohito From
War Trial"

—MacArthur

New York, Sept. 2.

General Douglas MacArthur said today that he prevented the trial of Japanese Emperor Hirohito as a war criminal and perhaps even saved him from execution.

The general said some countries "other than the United States" included the emperor's name on the list of war criminals.

General MacArthur spoke to reporters after an hour's reunion with the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr Mamoru Shigemitsu, himself imprisoned after the surrender as a war criminal.

It was the tenth anniversary of their meeting aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay to sign Japan's capitulation to the allies.

General MacArthur, former supreme commander in the Pacific, added: "As one of those accused, the emperor was to be tried and presumably to be hanged upon conviction. I realised what such an action would do and the extent to which it would complicate the occupational days ahead."

Protests Heeded

"I protested violently and my protests were heeded in Washington, finally everywhere. One of my arguments was that as a result of the devotion of the Japanese people to their emperor his trial and execution would have necessitated an additional million troops successfully to occupy the occupation of Japan."

General MacArthur said the emperor personally assumed full responsibility for Japan's conduct of the war. "Much to my surprise the emperor himself first brought up the question of war responsibilities," he added.

MacArthur Astonished

The general added: "To my utter astonishment the emperor declared 'I wish to assume full responsibility for every event connected with the prosecution of the war. I assume responsibility for the actions of every military commander and every statesman of Japan. Whatever your judgment is as to what my fate may be go ahead, I assume all responsibility.'"

"I could have kissed him," General MacArthur added. "I believe the man who contributed the most to the happy results which came after the signing of the peace treaty was the emperor himself. His part has never been adequately or fairly portrayed."

General MacArthur said he personally was opposed to the post-war military trials in Europe and Japan. He added that he believed all military war criminals now in prison should be released in the custody of their own governments to face



EMPEROR HIROHITO

whatever action the criminal codes of those nations would justify.

The general said Mr. Shigemitsu was tried as a war criminal only on the insistence of Soviet Russia. Sentenced to seven years in 1948 Shigemitsu was paroled by General MacArthur in 1950 over Soviet protests.—Reuter.

AIR CRASH

Anchorage, Sept. 2.

Twelve people were believed to have been killed when an Air Force transport crashed near Nome, Alaska, last night. The crashed aircraft was a two engine C-47. It carried seven passengers and a crew of five.

The crash occurred in completely uninhabited country. Helicopters look off to search for the wreckage.—France-Press.

Prison Uprising

Baltimore, Sept. 2.

A violent uprising is reported to have broken out here today in the Maryland state prison. All police cars were ordered to the prison, housing 1,500 convicts.

One ambulance has already left the prison with an injured person.—France-Press.

Mystery Object
Explodes In Marsh

Caen, Sept. 2.

An unidentified object which crashed into a marsh and exploded last night near Troarn, Normandy, ploughed up a large area and dug a shallow hole about 70 yards across. Fragments of a light metal alloy were found near the hole.—Reuter.

SEQUEL TO SABOTAGE AT

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Percy Hopkins, ace Fleet Street crime reporter, begins a new series on some of Scotland Yard's most intriguing criminal cases.

P. 6: The courtship of Tom Thumb, by Louis Wulf; They're tough, these Russian women, reports Shelley Rohde after a trip to Moscow.

P. 7: The Horse With No Name, "Did It Happen?" story; Ava Gardner is our new Garbo, writes David Lewin; "Why let the child upset you?" asks actor Robert Morley.

P. 13: Russell Spurr goes on a sentimental journey to the old foreign concession at Hankow.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports news.

MOTHERS
SHOCKED BY
PADRE

Lincoln, Sept. 2.

Mothers today criticised a padre who in a barrack square sermon told their soldier sons: "Most of you are going to Malaya and it's quite likely that some of you won't be coming back."

The sermon was given on Thursday at a passing out parade of recruits of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment at their regimental depot in Lincoln after their 10 weeks' training.

The padre was the Rev. Anthony Burton, new curate of the Lincoln parish of St. Nicholas.

Mr. Burton, the depot padre, told them: "Death comes to all of us sooner or later and it's no good kidding yourself it will be later rather than sooner."

He added: "The only people who know how to die are Christians. They know how to die because they know how to live."

A retired officer said he saw the mother of two serving soldiers "go white."

One woman watching the parade said: "I thought it was shocking. They want something to cheer them up when they are going to a place like Malaya. I believe in God and I try to lead a good life, but I cannot agree one bit with the remarks I heard on an occasion like this."

China Mail Special.

ISRAELIS HELD
AS HOSTAGES

Cairo, Sept. 2.

The Cairo radio quoted a Damascus broadcast today saying Egyptian forces had captured 18 Israelis and are holding them as hostages.

The report was officially confirmed later by Egyptian sources.—United Press.

KAI TAK
Warrant Issued
For Arrest
Of Man

Following four months' intensive investigation into the circumstances of the crash of the Air India aircraft "Kashmir Princess" on April 11, the Police this morning obtained a warrant from a Hongkong Magistrate for the arrest, on a charge of conspiracy to murder, of Chow Tse-ming, alias Chau Tsz-ming, alias Chau Sik-kui, alias Chou Chu, who was formerly employed by the Hongkong Aircraft Engineering Corporation and was present as a cleaner at the servicing of the aircraft at Kai Tak Airport on that date.

Later that day the "Kashmir Princess" crashed into the sea following an explosion on board whilst en route from Hongkong to Djakarta. All of the 19 persons on board, except three crew members, perished.

Chow Tse-ming is known to have left the Colony for Formosa by air on the morning of May 18. The authorities there are accordingly being requested to return him to the Colony for trial.

They Pressed Hands
To Register
Their Marriage Vows

London, Sept. 2.

When Arthur Bartlett pressed his bride's hand in church today it meant more to them both than it would to most people.

The couple are blind and deaf. A pressure of the hand was Arthur's only way of telling his bride he had answered "I will" to the officiating parson.

His frail little bride, Mrs Vera Shurrock, a 55-year-old widow, dressed in pale blue, sobbed as she gave her responses to the vicar.

The service, without music or hymns, was interpreted in manual language to the couple by best man Norman Rogers and the bride's 20-year-old daughter, Jennifer, a nurse, who gave her mother away.

MISTY-EYED CROWD Afterwards there were no cheers for the bride from her guests—most of them were blind, deaf and dumb—but crowds of city workers stood misty-eyed to watch the couple, clinging together, leave the church in the heart of London.

Arthur and Vera met at a club for the blind and deaf in London. They fell in love as they discussed their mutual afflictions—but it was Mrs Shurrock's home cooking that finally won Arthur over.

At her little cottage home in Oxfordshire he traced the features of her face with his sensitive fingers—then asked her to marry him.

Today an ice cake made by the bride, who has been blind since she was five and deaf since she was 16, topped the table at a sumptuous reception at the Young Men's Christian Association Headquarters here.

On top of the cake was the model of a ship—for ship-building is basket-maker Arthur's favourite hobby. Some of the model ships with which he has won prizes at competitions were also on show.

After their honeymoon at Oxford, famous university town, the couple will live in Islington, a north London suburb.

The YMCA have fitted out a small house there with the latest devices for helping the blind.

One—a special ray-lamp that can be detected by blind people—will tell the deaf couple when someone is ringing the front door bell.—China Mail Special.

The Moroccan Crisis
DELICATE MISSION
FOR CATROUX

Paris, Sept. 3.

The French Government is planning to send General Georges Catroux, 78-year-old former Governor-General of Indo-China, to Madagascar to arrange the return to France of Mohammed Ben Youssef, the exiled Sultan of Morocco, it was learned here last night.

General Catroux, it was expected, would be accompanied by a prominent but moderate Moroccan nationalist. No definite date for the trip has been arranged.

This move has been proposed to meet Conservative demands voiced by Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay, that Ben Youssef should not be transferred to France before he has agreed not to try to regain the Moroccan throne.

Present French plans for Morocco call for the replacement of the present Sultan Ben Arafa by a regency council and the creation of the protectorate's first representative government.

Sultan Ben Youssef was deposed by the French in 1953. Moroccan nationalists have demanded his return to France before they will take part in any government.

Rearguard Action

Conservative elements here fighting a rearguard action against the "new deal" for Morocco, seem to have found a spokesman within the Cabinet in M. Pinay.

It is M. Pinay's pressure, which was reliably reported, which has prevented the departure of Moroccan nationalist leaders to Madagascar to see Ben Youssef.

At the same time, nationalist leaders, waiting in Paris for developments, have received

protests from their own party members accusing them of having been too conciliatory in dealings with the French Government.

The French Prime Minister, M. Edgar Faure, is himself being criticised by supporters of the new plan, who say he should put his foot down and let any Cabinet Minister resign who wants to back out of the agreement.

M. Faure last night expressed "utmost surprise" at any suggestion that there was the slightest difficulty in putting over the "new deal."

"There is no quarrel between Cabinet Ministers," he told reporters. "The Government is sticking to its plan and to its timetable."—China Mail Special.

New Soviet
Gesture

Moscow, Sept. 2.

Foreign ambassadors and heads of missions were today invited by the Soviet Foreign Ministry to visit Russia's atomic energy station on Tuesday.

This is the first time that foreigners resident in Moscow have been allowed to visit the station though VIP visitors like Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, and foreign scientists have been taken on conducted tours round it.

The power station is believed to be 60 miles from Moscow and it is understood that the diplomats were asked to gather at a central point in the city for transport to it.

A Foreign Ministry official said later some ambassadors would be taken to the station on Tuesday and come on Wednesday while Charge d'Affaires and ministers in charge of embassies would go about a week later.

Mr. Charles Bohlen, the American Ambassador, is included in the first group.

It is understood correspondents are also likely to receive invitations.—Reuter.

No Bomb On
The Chusan

Naples, Sept. 2.

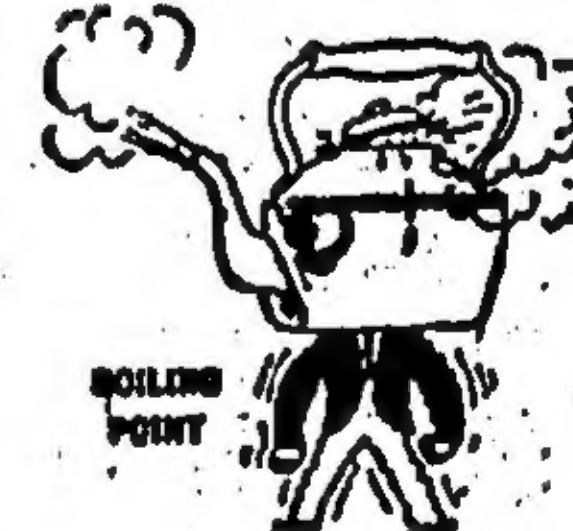
The skipper of the British luxury liner Chusan said today he was satisfied there was no bomb aboard his ship.

Agents of the Peninsular & Orient Lines at Naples said a thorough search had turned up nothing. Skipper E.R. Bodley was taking the 24,215-ton liner and its 700 passengers on to Athens as planned.

Mr. Gilbert Harrison, manager of Holme & Co., which looks after the P. & O. interests in Naples, said that Capt. Bodley was worried a bomb might be aboard this morning.

At that time the liner was headed for the Messina Straits after a day-long stopover at Naples.—United Press.

Thirst for
Knowledge



Somewhere between boiling-point and freezing-point lies cooling-point. A Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only effective test is to take a long cold glass of Rose's Lime Juice in the hot, clammy hand; then, tilting the head backwards and closing the eyes, tip the glass at such an angle that the thirst-annihilating stream flows steadily down the parched throat. At some point in this operation a delicious sense of well-being will pervade the body. This, gentlemen, is cooling-point, and cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade—only in Rose's.



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Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

Thirsty?
take the
necessary
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In a class by itself
In a glass by itself

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To INDIA To EUROPE To JAPAN

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KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

The brilliant young stars of "Magnificent Obsession" together in a passionately beautiful love story!

ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH
JEFF MORROW



CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT

CINEMASCOPE Technicolor
KATHLEEN RYAN · FINLAY CURRIE · DENIS O'DEA · GEOFFREY TOOME

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S At 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.
20th CENTURY FOX TECHNICAL CARTOONS Walt Disney's Feature-length Technicolor Cartoon
in Cinemascope "PINOCCHIO"
Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

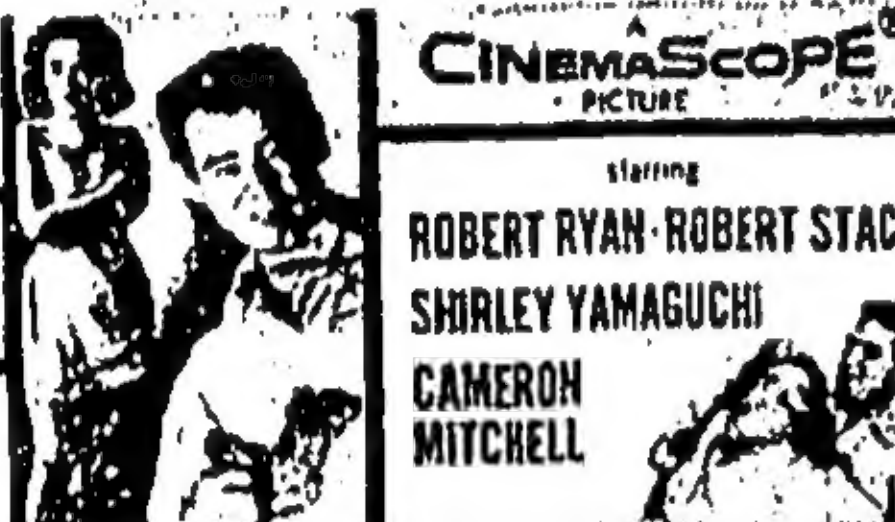
ROXY & BROADWAY

NOW SHOWING * THE 10th DAY!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CINEMASCOPE

BRINGS YOU THE STORY TOKYO COULDN'T HIDE—WASHINGTON COULDN'T HOLD BACK!

20th Century Fox presents
house of bamboo



BOOK EARLY!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 Noon

ROXY: THREE STOOGES COMEDY AND TECHNICAL CARTOONS PROGRAMME
BROADWAY: TECHNICAL CARTOONS PROGRAMME IN CINEMASCOPE
Presented by Columbia
Reduced Admission: Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50333

— NOW PLAYING —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



In MetroScope with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound
Also: M.G.M. COLOR CARTOON in Cinemascope
5 Performances To-Morrow 1st MAT. HOOVER at 12.00
LIBERTY at 12.30

ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED
4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Giant Wide Screen!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 p.m.
Gary Cooper in "BLOWING WILD" Warner Bros. film

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Glass Slipper". The Cinderella story with a psychological twist. Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding and Keenan Wynn.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Captain Lightfoot". Adventure and romance in nineteenth century Ireland. Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush and Jeff Morrow.
LEE: "Captain Phantom". Romance in Italy between an Army captain and a princess. Maxwell Reed, Frank Latimore and Anna Maria Sandri.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Human Jungle". A flinty-eyed detective vs. an equally hard crime ring. Gary Merrill and Jan Sterling.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Vera Cruz". Two soldiers of fortune use the Mexican uprising against Maximilian for their own purposes. Burt Lancaster, Gary Cooper, Cesar Romero and Denise Darcel.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "House of Bamboo". American gangsters in present-day Tokyo. Robert Ryan, Robert Stack and Shirley Yamaguchi.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Hell's Island". Crooks, killers and a dangerous woman search for a stolen ruby on a Caribbean island. John Payne, Mary Murphy and Francis L. Sullivan.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Prodigal". Ancient history in full costume. Liana Turck and Edmund Purdom.
"Hit the Deck". A peppy musical with a talented cast. Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Ann Miller and Russ Tamblyn.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gog". Science-fiction. Richard Egan, Constance Dowling and Herbert Marshall.
"Santa Fe Passage". A western. John Payne and Faith Domergue.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Ulysses". Kirk Douglas is the Greek hero.
"The Seven Year Itch". The moral is not to go on holiday leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl next door. Marilyn Monroe.



A scene from "House of Bamboo".

as unflattering a guise as the producer can imagine for her.

It is perhaps significant that she has been relegated, in "Captain Lightfoot" to the role of prospective mother-in-law to the spotlighted Miss. Trush. A sure sign that she is on the way to becoming a character actress in pictures before she's had half a chance to be a heroine.

Rock Hudson is—well—Rock Hudson!

Aftermath of Civil War

"Vera Cruz" opens by telling us that the period is immediately after the Civil War in America, when the peasants in Mexico were revolting against their French overlord, the Emperor Maximilian.

A civil war is always a Mecca for mercenaries and into the not-too-well defined hostilities ride Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster.

Cooper is a scoundrel at heart, in spite of his quickness on the draw. Although prepared to sell his services to the highest bidder, the price for his p's is to go to the rebuilding of his plantation in Louisiana where, we gather, his faithful "People" (wife, children, tenants, slaves—we're never told who these "People" are) patiently await their lord's return with the necessary capital. Dejected at the defeat of the South, but not downhearted, is Cooper's line.

Lancaster, on the other hand, is out for nobody but Lancaster, and in spite of a slightly false grin (apparently practised for the picture like a sort of trademark) he comes over as a more real person than Cooper—and to me he steals the picture.

The story may be obvious and smacking of the two-a-penny romances that flood the bookshelves these days, but the two principals are such personalities that they keep one's eyes glued to every movement and one's ears pricked for every salty exchange.

The Emperor Maximilian appears only briefly in the picture though to give Hollywood due credit, he is at least shown as the benevolent, well-meaning fellow he undoubtedly was, the double-dealing being attributed to his faithful though misguided adviser, played by Cesar Romero. Darcel doesn't make a very exciting decoy her looks can hardly be described as alluring. As for the new discovery

whose introduction to pictures this is—Sarla Montiel—until she shows more of what she can do, she will remain among the discoveries who have not yet further than the distinction of being "discovered."

Moira Shearer

Returns

"The Tales of Hoffmann" at the Empire is a picture, to be revisited if you have seen it before and one to be seen at all costs if it has passed you by on its previous journeys through the Colony.

Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Helpmann and Massine all together in one film constitute a feast of ballet it would be criminal to miss.

And the latest news From Hollywood

Mud Pack Ordeal

For Film Stars

Hollywood. Women who are victims of mud packs from beauty parlours, bouts will understand some scenes in a Biblical film epic much more than male viewers will—even though the scenes involve men.

The whole thing involves men up to their knees in mud in scenes in "The Ten Commandments."

It seems males may not realise these actors are suffering even if they are getting paid for it.

But women will, because they've gone through the same thing in beauty shops.

Mud dries and, in so doing, shrinks and pulls and dings, as any mud pack veteran will testify.

Thus women probably will suffer twice as much when they see the children of Israel with Moses—played by Charlton Heston—in "hard bondage" in mud pits, source of bricks.

The suffering is real pain in the film. A woman may have a 15-minute mud pack and wind up with a rose colour on her face and tingling skin.

But the sequence called for much more extensive immersion in the mud up to periods of several hours, and the result is a very painful stinging.

Historically speaking, the brick pits in the Cecil B. DeMille production date back to about 3200 B.C. And women in the audience who take the trouble to explain to their menfolk that the actors are really in pain, may be greeted by a retort such as this: "Well, if it hurts so much, why do women still go through the routine in a beauty shop?"

"Ulysses" Gown

Fashion note: Silvana Mangano wears a hooded bridal gown in "Ulysses" which would be right in style at the present time—even though its lines date from about 1000 B.C. Designed by Giulio Göttsche, it is of pure white jersey silk and follows the lines of an ancient Greek statue. The hood falls in soft folds from the back of the head to the waist.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW! Extra Performance "VERA CRUZ" At 11.30 A.M.

LEE Theatre

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

MAXWELL REED · FRANK LATIMORE

ANNA MARIA SANDRI

CAPTAIN PHANTOM

FERRANIACOLOR

An Italian Picture — English Version
EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON
"CAPTAIN PHANTOM"

EMPIRE

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"... A FILM TO SEE AND SEE AGAIN..."
The Daily Telegraph.
"... RICH AND SPECTACULAR... BEWITCHING DANCING... A GREAT TRIUMPH... AN EXPERIMENT WHICH DESERVES TO SUCCEED."

The Daily Mirror.
"ANYONE WHO CAN'T FIND BEAUTY, BOTH MUSICAL AND VISUAL, IN 'THE TALES OF HOFFMANN' SHOULD HAVE HIS HEAD EXAMINED..."

Sunday Graphic.
"... THE SINGING IS IMPRESSIVE, THE DANCING EXCELLENT AND THE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC MAGNIFICENT..."
Evening Standard.

MOIRA SHEARER · ROBERT HELPMANN · LEONIDE MASSINE
The Tales of Hoffmann

ROBERT ROBINSON · PAMELA BROWN · LUDMILLA TCHERINA
ANN AYARS

ADDED LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

TO-MORROW MATINEE AT 11.00 A.M.

ALAN LADD in "DESERT LEGION"
ARLENE DAHL "TECHNICOLOR"
REDUCED PRICES AT 40c, 70c & \$1.00 ONLY

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SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 AND 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
New York: Warner Technicolor Cartoons
Great World: 3 Stooges Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons

CAPITOL RITZ

Final at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

"A FINE FILM... A GEM!"... Life



To-morrow "REBECCA"
Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
Tony Curtis in "BEACH HEAD"

TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

"A FINE FILM... A GEM!"... Life



To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"

MAJESTIC

OPENS TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FIRST SHOWING IN KOWLOON



GORDON SCOTT
"TARZAN'S TOP ADVENTURE"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Army Doctors Launch Drive To Stamp Out Asiatic Diseases

Tokyo. U.S. Army medical scientists are trying to conquer deadly Asiatic diseases. They are devising ways to fight epidemics—unknown in the Western world—which have haunted Asia for centuries.

URANIUM HOLIDAYS

More Popular Than SUNSHINE HOLIDAYS

Toronto. Holiday-makers are packing more than sun tan oil, insect repellent and crease-resistant shorts into their suitcases these days.

They are also packing geliger counters. Working on the theory that there's a pot of uranium at the end of every rainbow, they are spending more time climbing over rocks in search of the elusive pitchblende than they are devoting to corn roast and swimming.

Veteran prospectors treat them tolerantly and call them "the week-enders." If they are serious, they buy their geliger counters which retail in sporting goods sections of Toronto's department stores from \$30 to \$700. The counters can also be rented from some Toronto companies for as little as \$4.50 a week-end or \$7 a week.

On the Never Never

Store proprietors have been quick to note the holiday makers' desire to become prospectors. And some Toronto stores sell geliger counters on an installment basis.

One cleric says 75 per cent of his sales are to amateurs and he has only one complaint. "They never come back and tell us when they make a find," he says.

In Gilmour, Ontario, the general store advertises "geliger counters—casual use for fishermen, hunters, etc." Currently, Haliburton is the favourite area for the week-enders. That is because it fringes the Bancroft area, the site of many a promising uranium mine.

40 "Hot" Claims

It was in this area, at Sharbot Lake, that an American woman, Mrs. Dorothy Madigan of Akron, Ohio, staked 40 "hot" claims last month. Whether they will produce any uranium is not known yet.

Although a Toronto firm assayed some Bancroft samples and found their ore content high, Canada's atomic energy chief in Ottawa, Mr. W. J. Bennett, pointed out last week that Bancroft is an area of "fancy samples that don't prove much."

The uranium fever has so gripped vacationers that even their children have dropped speechless talk to such words as "geliger," "strike," "high count," and "claim."

Amateur prospector John Hill of Haliburton, who runs a small resort, has a piece of advice. Says he: "Be sure and enjoy it. Much of the satisfaction will be in the fun and it's silly to expect to make a million."—United Press.

Diseases found in China, Formosa, Indo-China, the Philippines, Okinawa, Japan and Korea are being studied. Army scientists are working on 102 research projects. Colonel J. Blumberg of the Army Medical Corps said: "They have caused widespread suffering and economic losses in Asia for centuries. Japanese doctors have learned a great deal about them and in this command we are working with Japan's top scientists to solve common problems."

Scrub typhus, found only in Asia, knocked out in two weeks 90 per cent of the men in one American regimental combat team on New Guinea in World War II. Twenty per cent of the New Guinea typhus victims died.

Mystery Killer

Haemorrhagic fever, a mystery killer about which little is known, attacked 4,000 United Nations troops during the Korean War. Ten per cent of its victims died the first year. Improved treatment has reduced the death rate to less than four per cent, but the cause is still unknown.

Japanese encephalitis, found in most of Asia and sometimes called sleeping sickness, infected 60 per cent of the French Foreign Legionnaires defending Dien Bien Phu in the Indo-China war.

Encephalitis also struck American troops in the darkest days of the Korean War, when they were fighting from a too-hold inside the Pusan perimeter.

Medical scientists, led by Dr. Blumberg, use ingenious methods to unravel the mysteries of diseases carried to man by insects, snails and birds.

Check on Birds

In northern Japan, they capture migratory birds known to come from Siberia to determine what diseases are prevalent behind the Iron Curtain. Birds sometimes contract man's diseases.

Scrub typhus, a dreaded south-west Pacific disease during World War II, was one of the major military medical problems in Asia, Dr. Blumberg said. It attacked almost every organ in the body.

The disease was described in China in the 13th century. Shrines were built in Japan nearly 100 years ago to stop its spread. But only in 1947, after thousands of American servicemen fell victim to it, did doctors come up with an effective treatment with antibiotic "wonder drugs."

Scientists can control, but not completely prevent scrub typhus. Epidemics swept through U.S. troops training near Mount Fuji in 1948 and 1953 and one manoeuvre area had to be abandoned.

Fact and Fiction

Scrub typhus, a close relative of America's Rocky Mountain spotted fever, has claimed victims in a dozen Asian nations and is believed to be found along the Yangtze River.

"Chinese medical journals," said Dr. Blumberg, "contain so much fiction and legend together with facts that it is difficult to make much sense out of them."

Army scientists are working closely with Japan's top typhus experts, including Dr. Takeo Tamiya, president of Japan's Association of Medical Science, and Dr. Masami Kitaoka, chief of the Department of Virus and Rickettsial diseases at the National Institute of Health. —United Press.

From Tokyo:

American Scientists Launch An Attack On Deadly Asiatic Diseases.

From Geneva:

Delinquent Children Pose A Problem For The Exports.

From Paris:

A New Craze In A City Already Nude Crazy—Striptease!

From Toronto:

Now They Take Geliger Counters Away With Them On Their Holidays.

SHE SPECIALISES IN PAPER-WORK

Chicago. Jean Thomas wrapped an apple in a paper napkin and dunked it in a glass of water. For this sort of activity she is well paid.

Paris Goes Wild Over Striptease

Paris. "Le striptease" is taking nude-hardened Paris by storm.

One night club announced a non-stop show featuring no less than 37 strippers in two hours. Paris, as many an old soldier knows, always has been renowned for nude and naughty shows like the Folies Bergere. But they are expensive and besides they draw too many tourists for the liking of the Parisians.

The new clubs are packing the customers in—at popular prices.

Hot & Heavy

A new house called "Apollo—the Academy of Striptease" opened its doors on September 1. Advance bookings have been hot and heavy.

The striptease was imported from the United States some years ago by a fashionable cabaret on Avenue George V, "The Crazy Horse Saloon."

It provided some of the shapeliest ladies in Europe. Soon the cabaret was so crowded it was almost impossible to find a table.

In a few months several other night clubs inaugurated striptease acts and were equally successful. They also were cheaper to stage than the traditional nude shows which feature on-stage merry-go-rounds and swimming pools.

Expensive Undressing

Paul Derval, who has made the Folies Bergere world famous, is fond of saying that undressing a woman is far more expensive than dressing her.

A show at the Folies or the "Lido" Cabaret involves costs up to \$300,000 to stage.

The "Apollo," with its 600 seats at popular prices ranging from 250 francs to 450 francs will not attempt to compete with these lavish shows.

The Apollo offers shapely beauties from Great Britain, Australia, Norway, Italy, Argentina and France. The French star is Kitty Rodgers, who made a name for herself in the United States but is practically unknown here.

The programme also included "The World's Strongest Man" Charles Riquelme, and several comedians who appear at intervals to relieve the blood pressure of the audience. —United Press.

About an hour later she lifted the napkin from the water still intact, with the apple inside.

All of this is designed to show the quality of a paper napkin (called the Scotchkin). "Maybe you think we go to extremes," said Miss Thomas. "After all, a paper napkin is a pretty humble product."

But it seems no detail is too much trouble in the paper napkin and related products field.

"Spot Count"

Miss Thomas's firm hires a woman at its plant at Chester, Pa., who "spot counts" rolls of toilet tissue to make sure the rolls have 1,000 sheets, as advertised.

Such is the integrity inherent in the paper napkin business, she said. "You wouldn't believe this," she said, "but we've actually had people write in to say they've counted the sheets, and nobody's been short-counted yet."

Miss Thomas, 29, is supervisor of the firm's consumer surveys. For seven years she's travelled the country asking housewives about their likes and dislikes in household paper products.

"We put our own products and those of our competitors in identical cartons, and give one of each to a housewife," she said.

Find Out Why

"Then we come back a few weeks later and find out which she liked better and why."

She organizes part time teams of women to make the door-to-door sampling in each city where the tests are conducted. And this is not without its problems. One woman wanted a job to help pay off a sleep dental bill. But after two days the woman's daughter called to say her mother had quit.

She lost her false teeth running for a bus to get to her assigned territory. —United Press.

'Dress Up Those Dummies' Plea

Capetown. Shop windows decorated with dummies of women in scant underclothing" under much of the work of the South African Board of Censors, according to Mr. P. F. Kincaid, the Board's chairman.

"We struggle to reduce the circulation of films and books in which barely-dressed women appear," he said, "yet I have often heard it said that there is little use in our doing so while the same thing can be seen every day in shop windows. Some sort of action should be possible." —China Mail Special.

A Case Of Sparing The Rod And Spoiling The Child?

Geneva. No one seems to be able to understand children these days.

The United States has the highest standard of living in the world. A boy in his teens has a television set, good clothes, a nice home, plenty of sports equipment and maybe his own use of the family car.

Hardly a finger is laid upon him—psychiatrists have convinced his parents he will grow up to hate them if they do.

Yet the United States has one of the highest—if not the highest—juvenile delinquency rates in the world.

But in Britain...

Now take Britain. It was bombed heavily in the last war, which in United States was not. It is only now beginning to emerge into some reasonable form of prosperity. Parents are fairly strict and in school the teacher can use the stick on pupils if he thinks it necessary.

Yet England's juvenile delinquency rate keeps dropping while America's keeps soaring.

It is just as baffling a problem in the rest of the world, too.

In countries with a high standard of living such as the United States, prosperity itself tends to pull apart the family. Both parents may be working and the natural cohesion of the family has to compete with such attractions as television, the theatre, films, cars and all the other forms of recreation available to children from the age of 14 up.

It's natural for parents to want their children to have as

much as possible out of life, but at what point does indulgence begin to breed juvenile delinquency?

In countries such as Spain, France and Italy children do not have the advantages of the American child. This leads to increased dependence on the family. But is this the reason their delinquency rate is lower?

One thing seems to be certain: a child who has a sense of belonging to a family, a sense that he is important to the welfare of a family is usually a better child. —United Press.

Russians Free To Go To Church

Cairo. Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria and all Africa, Christophoros II said on his return to Cairo from a visit to Moscow: "In Russia today, the Church has its full freedom. Millions of Russians freely attend church."

The 75-year-old, white-bearded, Patriarch visited Moscow at the invitation of the Russian Orthodox Patriarch, Alexei, to attend the Saint Sergius celebrations in the Russian capital.

He said the religious feelings of the Russian people remained alive, and relations between the state and churches were excellent. —China Mail Special.

ASTRONOMERS PRODUCE A GIANT SKY ATLAS

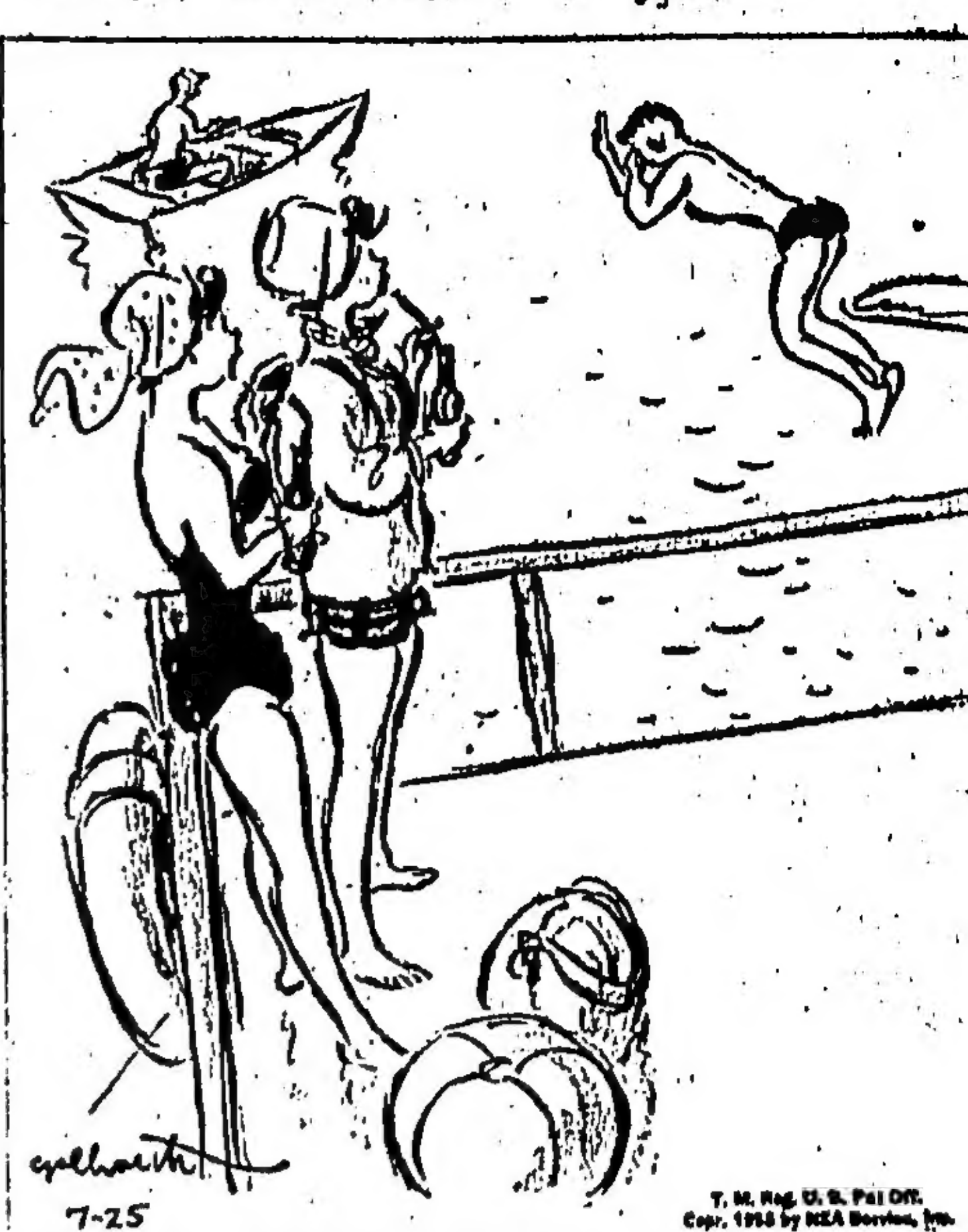
Washington. The Palomar Observatory in California has completed the first section of a sky atlas that someday will answer many of the unsolved mysteries of the universe, the National Geographic Society said recently.

The work has been going on for seven years. When it is completed in about another year, astronomers will study it for answers to such questions as: Is the universe of uniform structure? Did it have a definite beginning in space and time?

Does it have an end, or does it extend outward endlessly? Could the sun itself ever blaze out as a nova, instantly burning to cinders the earth and other planets of the solar system? (A nova is a star which suddenly increases its light and energy output tremendously.)

The entire atlas will consist of 1,758 photomaps. It will reveal millions of new stars, galaxies and systems of galaxies far out in space. Dr. Lee Dubridge, president of the California Institute of

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Tommy promises me everything if we get married—but he never has enough money to pay for my hot dog!"

MICE SURVIVE HIGH ALTITUDE TESTS

New York. Two gondolas containing 98 mice each parachuted to earth near Middle River, Minneapolis, recently after a 26-hour flight in the first of a new series of stratosphere experiments by the Air Force.

All were recovered alive after the flight at more than 40,000 feet above the earth.

Winzen Research Inc., Minneapolis, which released the flight under an Air Force con-

tract, said the test was the first in which two gondolas of animals have been carried into space by a single balloon.

The flight was the fifth this year in which Winzen has sent live animals into the stratosphere for the Air Force to try and solve the problems of space travel. All animals have survived so far but they will be subjected to prolonged study by scientists. —United Press.

NEWEST IDEA IN WRITING!



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PARATROOPS train on Frensham Common, near Farnham, Surrey. This is the Airborne Forces' normal practice jumping site from aircraft based on Farnham aerodrome. Flight Sergeant J. Nation, of the Royal Air Force (in shirt, sleeves, back to camera) explaining to recruits how the parachute harness is fastened to the body and how to control movement in the air by manipulating the shroud lines. (Army News)



LEFT: The most unusual picture of the most unusual diplomatic party of the year in London. The Indonesian Ambassador's daughter, Suharni Sentanu, aged 19, dancing in her lovely national costume at the party celebrating Indonesian Independence Day. (Express)



RUMANIA's liberation after World War II was observed with a reception at the Rumanian Legation in London. The Rumanian Minister and Madame Babuci (right) are seen with Colonel and Madame Mihail Gavrilovici, the Military Attache and his wife. (Express)



A saloon car driven by 25-year-old racing driver Stirling Moss was badly damaged in a crash in London recently. Moss, who had a bruised elbow, was treated in hospital, after which he took a police van to Kensington police station and made a statement. He is seen on the right talking to a reporter. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Richard Mains of London is one of the most unusual boys in the world. He feels no pain. The nerve which should tell him when he has been hurt does not function despite numerous operations. He has to be watched night and day. Even his food has to be sampled to make sure it is not too hot, for Richard could burn his mouth and not know a thing about it. (Express)



LEFT: The accent was on earrings when personalities from the film world and society attended the showing in London of the new Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons film, "Footsteps in The Dark." Actress Eunice Gayson is seen here with earrings of floral loops. (Express)

BELOW: The morning after two driverless tanks broke away from their park and tore through tents where soldiers were sleeping at the Territorial Army camp at Tillshead, Salisbury Plain. The two Charioteer tanks — they're still on the secret list — as they came to rest dragging three empty tents with them. Four soldiers were killed and four injured. (Express)



THE little church at Crathie, near Balmoral, needed a new vestry. To raise the money, a sale of work was organised, and the family from "the big house" were expected to put in a graceful appearance, make a token purchase and retire. They came ... and stayed to set up an over-the-counter sales record. The Queen enjoying herself helping at one of the stalls. (Express)



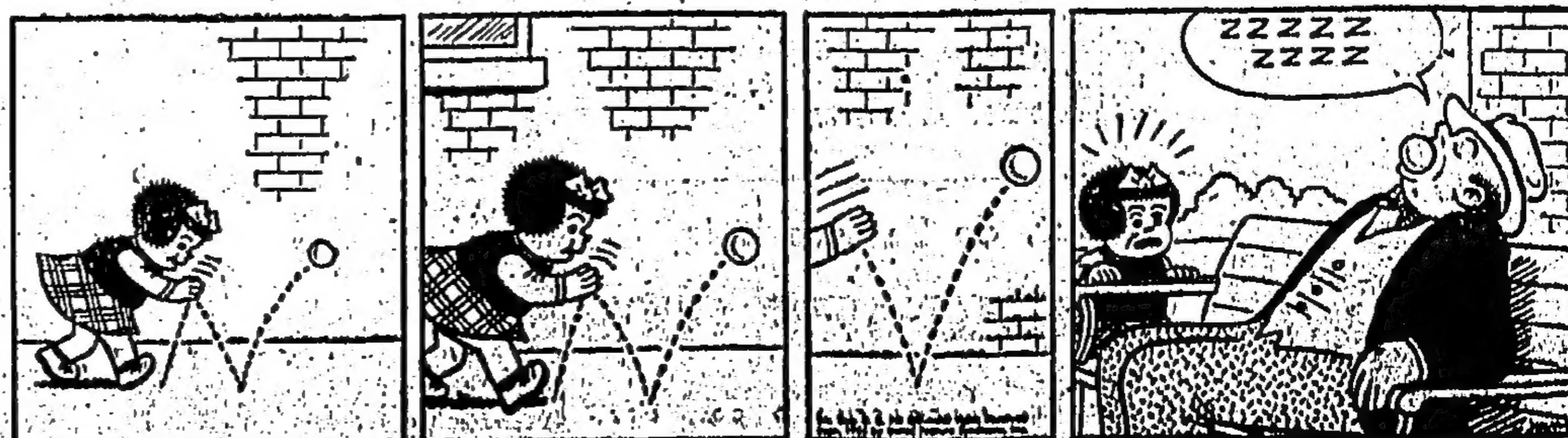
THE celebrated American jazz singer, Cab Callaway, accompanied by his wife, arrived in London last week for a six weeks' tour of Britain. He is seen unpacking at his London hotel. Cab Callaway has been a top name in American popular music for a quarter of a century. (Express)



DANNY RYAN, alias Domhnall O Rlain, 32-year-old carpenter from Belfast, who got into the headlines as self-professed recruiting officer in England for the Irish Republican Army after the recent arms raids, seen addressing an open air meeting in Camden Town, in Northwest London. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

THE WOMEN DIPLOMATS BATTLE FOR PROMOTION

By Elizabeth Adams

RECENTLY into New York flew blonde, blue-eyed Miss Kathleen Mary Graham—aged 51. She had arrived to take up her post as Britain's highest ranking woman diplomat—Deputy Consul-General at New York (at a basic £1,840, rising to £1,860). And she made this intriguing statement: "It's quite an experiment to try out women in this rank. I'm the only one at present, but I prophesy that there will be others. I was lucky to be the one who got moved up first."

Which means what? Is Miss Graham's appointment the first step into a new era for British women in diplomacy? Is it the start of jobs for the girls?

I know who would love it if it did. The 12 solitary women (four of them Old Roaders) in "A" branch—the diplomatic branch—of the Foreign Service, fighting their lonely battle for promotion against their 749 male colleagues.

I know who would hate it, too. Undoubtedly those same 749 male colleagues.

As late as 1945, it was still being argued in the Commons that women were totally unsuited to diplomatic work. And it was not, in fact, until nine years ago that women became eligible for the diplomatic branch.

QUIET GLITTER

BUT certainly, since that time, the small band of 12 women who have breached the sanctuary show a quiet glitter of achievement.

Take 32-year-old Miss Evelyn Grace Rolleston, for instance. She became a diplomat at the age of 24. She was sent to Budapest in 1947. Two years later she had mastered Magyar (which entitled her to £100 a year extra). She is now a second secretary at £375 rising to £450.

Miss Gillian Gorda Brown turned diplomat when she was 28. She also went to Budapest, was promoted in Magyar after 12 months and is now, at 32, second secretary.

Miss Elizabeth Richardson, 26 years old, entered the service at 21, had served three years in Moscow before she was 25. In 1948, Miss Richardson took up diplomacy straight from Oxford at the age of 21. She is now, at 25, third secretary at Bucharest (basic £400 rising to £550).

And what of Kathleen Mary Graham herself, the golden girl of the bunch? She entered the service late—but it has taken her only six years since her first diplomatic appointment to collar the Deputy Consul-Generalship.

SMALL FLAME

UNDOUBTEDLY then, once a woman is in the Service, application and the small quiet flame of ability will take her forward at an adequate rate, and it is probable that Miss Graham's prophesy that others will follow her in her mild apothecary will gradually come to pass.

But why do so few get in? Why, in the space of nine years, have only a bare dozen managed to scrape into the diplomatic service?

"Because," answers the Foreign Office blandly, "very few apply." It is true to say, too, that even fewer manage to satisfy the examiners.

Last year, for instance, only 44 girls sat the entrance examinations. Now, passed? But there is, perhaps, a reason why so few girls apply in the first place. It is the little matter of the marriage bar. For a female diplomat the path to the altar—even with a British passport—leads automatically straight through to the exit door from the service.

SWEET ACCORD

I ADMIT that a woman might find it difficult to run a husband in Surbiton in sweet accord with a career in Washington—and would have to resign her career on marriage anyway. But at least that would be her free choice. On the other hand, her husband's circumstances might very well permit him to follow his wife in her postings and follow his own career at the same time.

At least the decision should be her own. At least she should not be at the mercy of an arbitrary condemnation to spinsterhood if she wishes to prosper in the chosen career.

Prospects for the gallant 12 are, perhaps, fairly bright—so long as they keep their third finger left hand, suitably oiled and oiled. But what of the future? Is Britain to insist that forever she is to be served by a negligible number of diplomatic splinters?

(Continued)



"How does he do it? Signs himself 'Eddie Calvert'—that's how he does it."

London Express Service

MEET SPOONER

THE man in the chair facing Reginald Spooner, Murder Squad chief, was growing more confident by the minute. He was positive there could be no evidence against him. He had survived the opening of the interrogation—always the trickiest part—and now, like a poker player who knows he has his one surviving opponent licked, he was stringing Spooner along.

Or so he thought. Occasionally the Murder Squad man observed the subtle hint of an alibi. Made, not with the sudden recollection and excitement of the worried-but-innocent person whose mind has been jogged by a fragment of memory; not with the methodical precision of the calm individual who accepts the situation with "I know it's all a silly mistake which will be cleared up in a few minutes."

No—there it was again. Just a casual, half-hearted introduction of a fact—a throwaway line the actors call it—but one meant to register. And uttered by a man whose brain seemed to be ticking over with the one defiant theme: "Check that, you so-and-so, and see where it gets you."

Poker face

BUT when it comes to producing a poker face Reginald Spooner has few equals. He used it in his wartime duels with spies; in his post-war battle of wits with treacherous scientists.

Now, with the perpetual cigarette hanging from his lips, he looked a dejected man forced to accept defeat. But behind the facade of gloom the detective's brain was also ticking over. And the message it recorded was: "I don't like it, I don't like it at all."

Spooner had travelled to Staffordshire some 10 days earlier when the bludgeoned body of 62-year-old Alice Wiltshaw had been found in her 14-roomed country mansion at Barlaston.

The weapon—an old-fashioned poker—was found in the kitchen. Upstairs, ransacked dressing tables told the story of £5,000 worth of missing jewellery. On his way out the thief had stopped to wrench two rings from the fingers of the woman.

Plain pattern

THERE it was: a plain pattern of murder by a stranger for whatever the house contained.

But Spooner (whose shrewdness convicted the sadist Neville Heath) could not completely fall in with this theory. Three factors disturbed him:

of the YARD

by PERCY HOSKINS



The first story in this series tells of a triumph of painstaking detection by Reginald Spooner (left). He is 53, a former insurance statistician, one-time M.I.5 man, and now chief of the Flying Squad. Today's dossier on The Confident Killer comes from Spooner's casebook when he was with the Murder Squad.

(1) The intruder had entered the back of the house by way of an overgrown spinney path which would not be known to everyone;

(2) He appeared to know his way about the house, because the only places disturbed were those in which the jewels rested; and

(3) The time factor.

Thieves who descend upon this type of house (he reasoned) sacrifice a day or so watching, noting, and timing the occupants' habits.

Why, then, had this man of such obviously unnecessary violence chosen the dangerous hour of 5.30 p.m.? An hour that might at any moment bring the return of the dead woman's husband. (Mr Wiltshaw did in fact arrive at the house within 15 minutes of the crime).

Last man

THE more Spooner thought about it, the more confident he became about his theory: The murder was committed by someone who knew the house.

So to the next step. That was to question the relatives, the friends, the neighbours, the tradesmen, the former employees of Mrs Wiltshaw.

Now Spooner had come to the last man on that long list of people, the man he was talking to—a former chauffeur-

gardener of the Wiltshaws, 29-year-old Leslie Green.

And, like all the others, Green seemed "in the clear." For those carefully dropped fragments of information suggested that there were people ready to vouch that he was 12 miles away on the afternoon of the murder.

It was at this moment Spooner noticed the man's shoes. They were rubber-soled, with a foreign look about them.

Probe

THE murderer had left one footprint on the polished kitchen floor of the Wiltshaw mansion—and it had been made by a rubber sole of similar size.

But there was one discrepancy. The footprint had a crease across the sole. The shoe at which the detective was gazing had no such mark.

Just a trivial coincidence, perhaps, the fact that the size was the same. Certainly it proved nothing. But it increased Spooner's suspicions. He began a systematic probe into the life and activities of Leslie Green.

And soon Spooner found that Green was living beyond his station. Although he already had a wife and child, Green was "engaged" to a nurse in Leeds to whom he had shown two rings.

Spooner obtained replicas of Mrs Wiltshaw's rings from the jewellers. And friends of the nurse said that these rings were identical with the ones Green had shown.

Circumstantial but not direct evidence. Spooner also discovered that Green, using the name of

Wiltshaw, had stayed at the Metropole Hotel, Leeds, the night before the murder.

Again, circumstantial but not conclusive evidence.

Two days after the murder Green told another Leeds nurse that his "aunt," a Mrs Wiltshaw, had been attacked with an old-fashioned poker. No details of the weapon had at that time been published.

Circumstantial but not direct evidence.

But now the pendulum of luck began to swing.

The men at the Station Hotel, Stafford, with whom Green had been mixing on the day of the murder, were cross-questioned by Spooner. And he established that there was a distinct interval when Green was not in sight.

Another clue

IN that interval, a 5.10 p.m. train left Stafford, arriving at Barlaston at 5.35 p.m. There was a train back at 8.50 p.m., which would get him back to the hotel by 9.20 p.m. That left an interval of half an hour—plenty of time for murder.

Then, another clue... The manager of the hotel—a former R.A.F. man—casually mentioned he noticed that when Green left to catch the 7.58 p.m. train to Leeds that night he was carrying an Air Force macintosh.

A similar raincoat was missing from the Wiltshaw home.

Immediately Spooner sent out the order: Ask all railway lost property offices if such a macintosh had been found.

It was traced to Holyhead—handed in soon after the 7.58 train from Stafford arrived.

Came yet one more clue—one more step in the breaking-down of that alibi... On Leslie Green was found a letter mentioning an address in Belmont Grove, Leeds. Again Spooner acted swiftly. The house was searched from top to bottom. The floor was pulled up—it cost the police £20 to repair the damage. And the missing rings were discovered. (The rest of the jewellery was never found.)

A whisper

THAT was enough. Armed with this evidence Spooner confronted Green. The detective asked him to try on a left-handed blood-stained glove found in a Barlaston ditch. The thumb of the glove was cut. And Green's thumb bore a scar at the identical spot.

One point still remained to be cleared up—what of that footprint? Back went Spooner to the experts. "Can you assure me that Green's shoe did not make this footprint?"

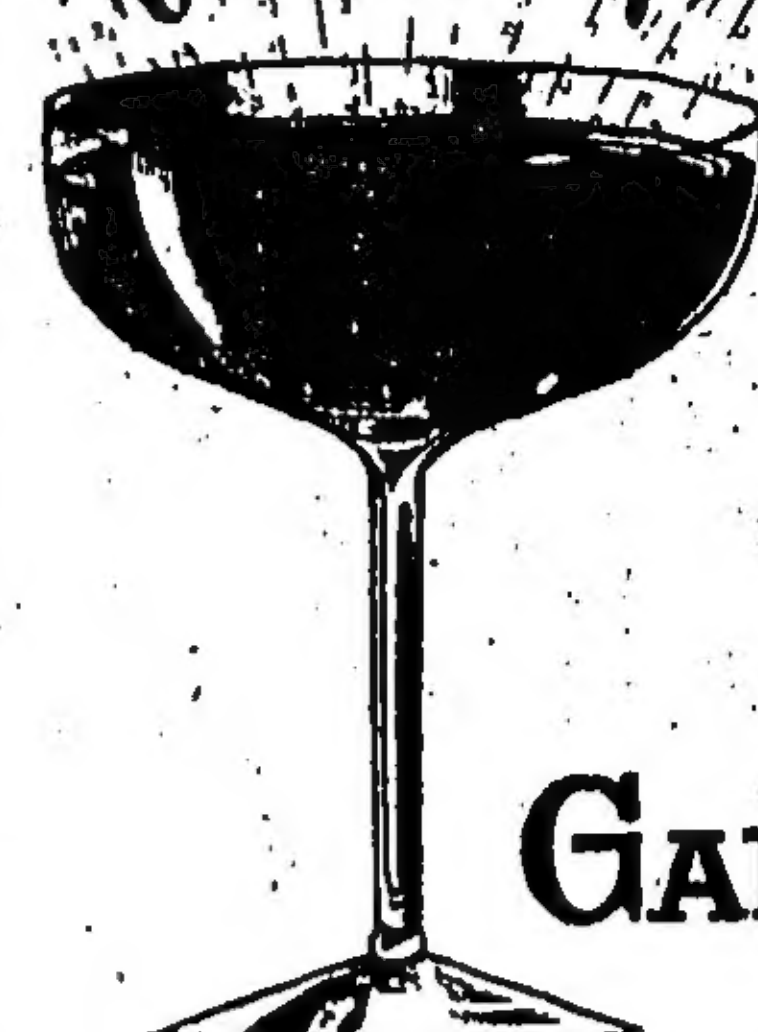
"If the man was moving it might produce such a crease," replied the lab. men.

Spooner exploded. "Of course he was moving!" he cried. "He was murdering the old lady."

On trial Green was the same confident man who had smiled his way through that first interrogation. He launched two characters supposed to be house-breakers and swore he had received the rings from one of them at 11 a.m. on July 17. But that was 10 hours AFTER he had shown the rings to the nurse in Leeds.

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Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time. It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



This Rolex Oyster Perpetual is similar to the one in the story. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster Case, it is guaranteed perfect accuracy by the Perpetual winding "rotor." The Rolex Red Seal identifies every Rolex chronometer.

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Ref. 15

THE COURTSHIP OF GENERAL TOM THUMB



General Tom and, for a size, a bearded British trooper.

THERE was nothing unusual about the carriage and horses which drew up at the entrance to Buckingham Palace on that cheerful day in March 1844; but the diminutive figure who stepped from it with such dignity was surely the strangest guest ever bidden to the home of the Sovereign.

Charles Sherwood Stratton, an American, was only 12 years old, but it was his height — or rather lack of it — not his youth, which was extraordinary. He was only 25 inches tall.

His head with its thick mop of fair hair over a broad, intelligent forehead scarcely reached above the white silk stockings of the footmen in their knee-breeches.

The boy was "General" Tom Thumb, certainly the most famous, and later probably the wealthiest, dwarf of all time. He was now on the threshold of his fantastic career.

A few minutes later the sound of laughter echoing from the Royal Picture Gallery showed that Queen Victoria had met the little man from America.

One Of The World's Strangest Stories Told By Louis Wulff



Tom and Lavinia: Her parents objected to the match until he cut off his moustache.

16 pounds, but was perfectly formed. His parents were of normal height, with no history of dwarfs in either of their families.

Barnum engaged the boy at a modest \$3 a week for a month.

When "General" Tom Thumb made his debut at the American Museum on Broadway he was an immediate success. A stream of cash began to pour into his (and Barnum's) lap. It was to continue for another 20 years. Within a year Tom had become such a favourite that the astute showman raised his salary to \$50 a week, and engaged his father as business manager.

Then Barnum planned a trip to Europe at the same salary. Tom Thumb had become almost a national institution. The New York City brass band accompanied the party to the docks and a crowd of at least 10,000 saw the "General" leave. At Liverpool the crowds were so great that Mrs Stratton had

to smuggle Tom ashore by carrying him in her arms like a baby. Soon Tom and his retinue — including a tutor — moved to London, where the "General" had another immediate success. A week or two later Barnum triumphantly put up a notice at the Egyptian Hall: "Closed this evening. General Tom Thumb being at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty." Tom Thumb's fame was established.

During the next three years he toured Europe, meeting most of the crowned heads and famous people of the day. And he drew £150,000 from the pockets of the public. He shared it on a 50-50 basis with Barnum.

Where did the secret of Tom Thumb's success lie? There have been other dwarfs just as tiny, but none ever achieved such world-wide fame or made so much money. Part of the credit goes, of course, to the master showman and advertiser Phineas T. Barnum.

Modern publicity experts could learn from the methods of this tototaller from Connecticut, who managed to use the Queen of England in his advertising campaign.

It was his brilliant choice of the name Tom Thumb, with its suggestion of fairy tales and ancient legends of the friendly gnomes plus the added suggestion of grandeur given by the purely fictitious rank of General that first spurred public interest. But Tom himself played the greatest part in the success story.

He had a keen wit and a sharp sense of the ludicrous. He had an engaging air that mixed the innocent appeal of childhood with the dignity of a man — a combination that women especially found irresistible.

"His dark eyes seem to have seen so much, and to give him a look of experience beyond his years which, with his tiny stature, make a remarkable appeal," wrote one American woman after taking tea with the "General."

It was part of Barnum's policy to choose the most luxurious and expensive quarters he could find for his protegee, and to give him a life of ease. His carriage, 20 inches high and 11 inches wide, built by one of the leading coachmakers of London, cost between £400 and £500.

Though Barnum (and his parents) kept a watchful eye on his size and height, Tom Thumb was allowed to eat and drink what he liked. But he was a man of moderate tastes.

In private, as in public, he always seemed lively and cheerful. But the little man must have been lonely, pining for companionship of one of his own size.

However, back in America he met Lavinia Warren, another of

Barnum's discoveries. It was love at first sight.

Like Tom, Lavinia was the daughter of parents who were of normal height, and her seven brothers and sisters were also of normal stature. But she, at the age of 21, was only 24 inches tall.

She was on exhibition at the American Museum with another dwarf, Commodore Nutt. "General" Tom had amassed enough money during his 20 years of tours to retire to a comfortable house at Bridgeport, furnished to his own taste. Here he spent his time riding ponies and sailing his yacht like a gentleman of leisure.



But the attractions of Lavinia drew him to New York, where, to the distress of the Commodore, who was also smitten with her charms, he became an almost constant visitor to the Museum where he had for so long been an exhibit.

Lavinia appeared to return his affections — but there was an obstacle. When he proposed Lavinia told him her mother would not hear of the match. Mrs Warren's objections were based not on her prospective son-in-law's lack of inches but, strangely enough, on the fact that he wore a moustache.

"I'll cut it off and my eyes out as well if it will make you say yes," volunteered the love-smitten "General."

When their engagement was announced receipts at the museum mounted to \$3,000 a day, and Barnum offered the pair \$15,000 to postpone their wedding for a month and show themselves together.

Tom Thumb was not to be moved by such base considerations as money, and on February 10, 1863 they were married in Grace Church, New York.

It was a fantastic occasion. Bride and groom stood on a specially erected platform to

exchange their vows before the Rev. Julius Willey, Rector of Bridgeport. They were watched by a congregation which included members of Congress and Army generals.

On December 5, 1863, their only child was born, a girl who weighed only three pounds at birth.

Then Mrs T. Thumb longed for public life again and the "General" obediently set off on his travels, this time accompanied by his wife and daughter, who had been christened Minnie.

At one year she weighed only 7½ lb. And she lived only a few months more, dying at a Norwich hotel in September 1865, while her parents were touring East Anglia.



This tragedy apparently broke the spirit of the couple. They went back to America and settled down at Bridgeport.

For a few years Tom, now grown portly, enjoyed his leisure, appearing at occasional performances in aid of Bridgeport charities; but his health began to fail, and on July 15, 1863, while visiting friends at Middleboro, Massachusetts, he died of apoplexy. He was 51.

He left an estimated fortune of \$200,000 and a large amount of property.

His wife Lavinia survived him, and later married another dwarf, the Italian Count Magri. She died in 1918, aged 78, one of the longest-lived of any known dwarfs.

(COPYRIGHT)

Ruth Braithwaite learns all about THE FARMER WHO WAS A KING

IN a tiny Hertfordshire village a group of trippers stands in the road to gaze at a red-brick Georgian mansion with green shutters and iron gates, trim lawns and wooden grounds.

For sleepy Ayot St Lawrence, formerly famous as the home of Bernard Shaw, is again blinking beneath the glare of an unsought publicity — this time as the home of a king in exile.

Once the excursionists' No. 1 attraction was "Shaw's Corner." Now it is mellowing Ayot House, where Michael of Rumania and Princess Anne, his wife, are trying to lead a new life together — as farmers, instead of royal personages, as father and mother to three lusty children, as a typical young couple who are out to build their future.

When they first announced their intention the political wags scoffed. The thought of the heavily bearded son of King Carol turning to the plough (or more correctly, the greenhouse) was just too funny for words, they said.

Today it is a different story. "A nice young family," they tell you at the Brockley Arms, "keep themselves to themselves, and never get in anyone's way."

THREE ACRES

The three acres under cultivation at Ayot House are devoted to growing vegetables. This year ex-King Michael won prizes for broad beans at the local show, and another (a "first") for red currants. His cabbages came second. His tomatoes (there are thousands of them) fetch top prices in the London shops.

And the only time he has been known to boast about himself is when a villager heard him say: "I'm getting blisters — yes, blisters. You should have seen the size of the plot I turned over. Colossal."

That is to say when the children give them time. For, just like other parents, the former monarch and his wife find that three small children can demand a lot of attention. Margaret, is now six and a half, Helena is nearly five, and Irina is just over two.

Such is the picture of Michael and Anne — a happy domestic picture of a devoted couple who have snatched a new life from a Communist-created nightmare, and found in work and their children contentment and security.

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They're tough —these Russian women!

by SHELLEY ROHDE, who has just spent a tourist-week in Moscow

What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

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I TOOK over a Russian girl's job recently. For two hours on the way home from Moscow I knew something of what it is like to be a girl working in Russia.

It happened high above the clouds somewhere between Moscow and Leningrad. The Russian plane had no hostess. She had seen us off at the airport — but was not travelling with us.

The pilot, co-pilot, and radio operator did not speak a word of English. So my two-hour job was really a dual one — interpreter and air hostess.

We had been in the air only a few minutes when the radio operator appealed for help. He wanted someone to explain to the returning Wolverhampton Wanderers supporters that they must give their cameras to him during the flight.

Two minutes later he was back again. Would I please say that if any passengers wanted a cup of tea they must ring the bell at the side of their seats.

Minutes passed. And my friend was back again. Would I please go with him to the front cabin?

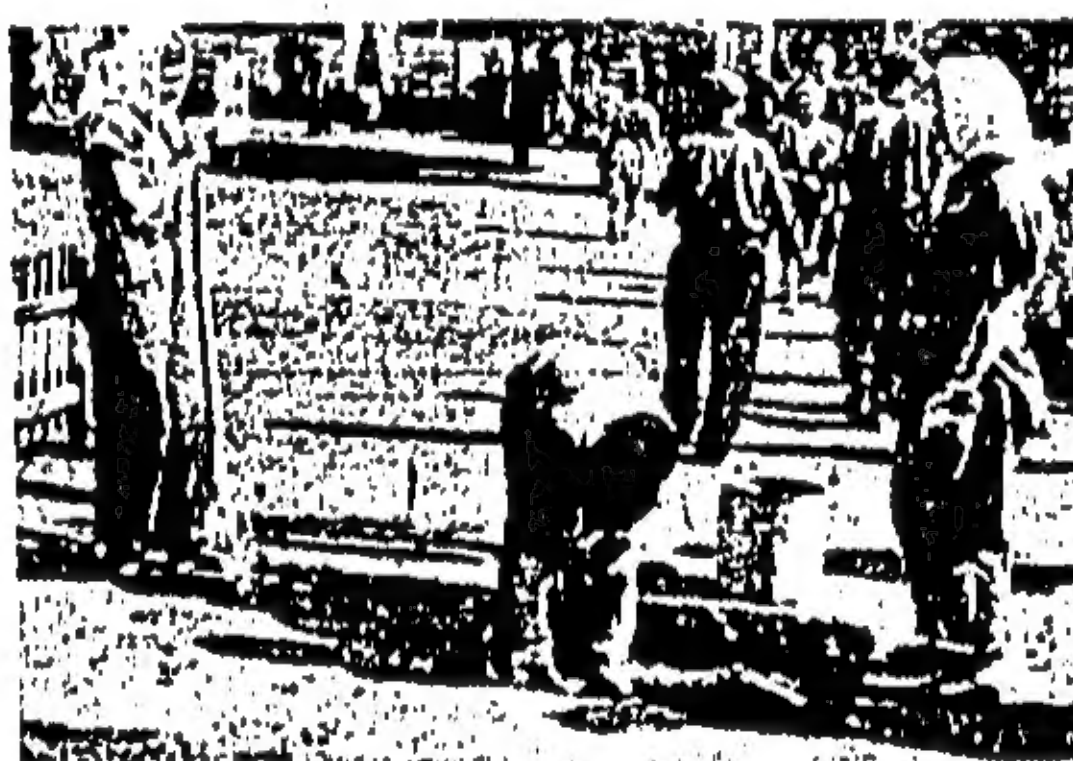
There, in a tiny space between pilot and passengers, I was shown where cups, sugar, lemon (for Russian tea) were kept.

They dig

FROM then on it was one whirl of tea-brewing, serving biscuits, and washing-up. Miss Daisy St. Clair Mander and her nephew, Sir Charles Mander, two of the Wolves' supporters in the plane, have promised me testimonials if I ever want to change my job.

But the hostess's cabin on this route is much smaller than those in a British airliner. I finished up balancing biscuits on a suitcase, with a bowl of washing-up water on the floor and rows of cups on a waverling shelf.

No wonder the Russian air hostesses never have time to put



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

I snapped this Moscow street-scene of three husky women road-mending.

on make-up or make themselves look glamorous. There is nothing a woman cannot do in the estimation of the Russian. No job is too hard. No work too tough. No profession too skilled.

During six days in Moscow I saw women doing every sort of job.

They sweep the streets. And they repair them, battering away at the pavements and highways with pneumatic drills. They carry loads of bricks and cement. They build houses. They dig holes. My first taxi in Moscow was driven by a woman.

"I like driving," she told me. "It is my job and my relaxation. I would not care if I were driving a tank."

Half an hour later I boarded a trolleybus — driven by a woman.

Next day I was nearly assassinated by a monster truck — driven by a woman.

I asked an elderly woman, who was helpfully attacking a pavement with a pick-axe, if she minded doing such work. "Why should I?" she said. "I am as strong as my husband. And he sits in an office all day!"

A girl of 20 who was washing a deserted street at midnight with a long length of hose-pipe told me: "It is just a job. I am paid to do it."

She must have enjoyed it — rain was pouring down and the pavements were already spotless!

Model

THERE was nothing unfeminine about these women in manual jobs. Their faces might be weatherbeaten and sunburned, their hands calloused and unadorned. Yet their smiles and voices are feminine enough. They are women first — workers second.

But what of the Russian women who do jobs that more nearly parallel the sort of work done by women in Britain?

Well, first consider the FASHION MODEL. This is not a popular job. Nor an easy one. There is no glamour attached to it; no fame.

At Moscow's leading fashion house five models (including one man) give three shows a day, one at a half hour long, six days a week. Pay: Nine roubles (about 17s.) a session.

The women march up and down in heavy, semi-heeled shoes and thick, seamless stockings. And they are not chosen for their trim figures or slim hips. If they fit the bulky standard sizes the job is theirs.

Next, the HAIRDRESSER. I met Lucia Polykarnova, a "master" hairdresser — "master" because she has been in the business five years and can perm 30 heads a day.

She charges 35 roubles 00 kopecks (about £3 5s.) for a perm; one rouble 90 kopecks for a cut.

She works an eight-hour day, six days a week, in her tiny, cramped salon, which holds about four customers. And if a trim comes in — which they sometimes do — she perms his hair too.

THE SECRETARY: Natasha, a pretty, plump girl with fair curly hair, works with the Soviet Sports Committee. She studied languages at a university; now translates letters and types them.

Natasha, 28 years old, is married to an athlete turned trainer and has a home of her

own — a pleasant, if small, house with a garden and an attractive view. For sportsmen are privileged people in Russia.

THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST: Valya Zuseva specialises in the care of the hands. She is a plump, placid girl, quite content to sit in a corner all day attending the work-worn hands of her customers. She has been three years at the same salon as hairdresser Lucia.

Her present wage is about 1,000 roubles (nearly £100) a month — it varies according to the number of customers, and will continue to increase with her years of service. She charges two roubles 50 kopecks (about 5s.) for an ordinary manicure and three roubles 75 kopecks (about 7s. 6d.) for a manicure and nail varnish.

Valya, who is married, took beauty care courses when she left school. Now her plump little hands are crimson tipped and her hair is carefully permed — an unusual sight in Russia.

Maxim

YES, they are certainly tough, these Russian women.

After seeing them at work I have little faith in the old Russian maxim — much quoted there at the moment: "If boys are born into a family, there will be war. If girls are born into a family there will be no war."

It strikes me that the Russian girls could out-Amazons the Amazons. (COPYRIGHT)

MONDAY:

Inside a Russian home

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





THE HORSE WITH HEELS...

There is only one sure thing about luck...some day it will turn. But did this story really happen? Is it FACT or FICTION? The answer will be published on Monday.

THIS is the story of a young man, chronically broke, in the last days of Romanoff Russia.

Of a horse with about half a mile between its front and its hind feet. Of an hotel which had a wondrous way of life all of its own, as every top hotel should have; of a Finn who emulated Mahomet's coffin and suspended himself between heaven and earth (he had a singularly supple personality); and of the unwisdom to say nothing of the unlikelihood of holding a Full House with Aces up, against four Jacks at 3 a.m., in the New English Club, on the Morskaya, in wartime Petrograd. The way I went dramatically bust. For, as any hopeful who has ever tried to pick up the discarded tell you, you do not lose much money at Poker holding poor cards; you lose your shirt when you hold good ones—and someone holds better.

Bad luck

It was my winter of bad luck. The Finn who tried to follow the Prophet was Jack Hoth. Well-known to all British and Americans who saw the fall of Petrograd. As accomplished as kindly a rascal as ever graced the end of a regime or kept his ex-mistress in the style to which he had accustomed them.

He was the man who held the four Jacks. When all the others had dropped out and he and I were left with, it seemed, about all the money there had ever been in the game lying on the table between us, I said: "I don't want to begin owing money right here at the start in Petrograd, signing I.O.U.s. I've got you licked but, if you will accept what I offer, I raise you whatever I've got left in my pocket."

He nodded. I slid all my small change into the pile, and putting down my hand, reached for the pot. "Just a minute," smiled Jack (he had the expressive face and beautiful hands of a Jean-Louis Barrault). "Please look at these." And, one by one he laid down the four Jacks. And so he broke me the first night I met him.

No supplies

If we salesmen and three women of the so-called half-world had one common denominator it was that, unlike the blind diplomats who saw life only through the Embassy window and did not know what was going on down in the street, we were in the street—we knew that the Russian armies, fighting with such desperate bravery at the front, were losing the war in Petrograd; no supplies, no money, no communications could be got through to the hard-pressed Russian soldiers until General Hake-off had got his tip.

We were talking about the Revolution as early as the summer of 1915. That gave us a bond, even though a melancholy

one; and as it was common knowledge that I was the hardest-up foreigner in the glamorous Hotel Astoria, any love I had had to be free, which made it all the more exciting.

It was at a party in my room one night, where the door never opened except to admit the waiter bringing more bottles, that Jack Hoth just vanished, and after a frantic search was found suspended above the

by Negley Farson

NEGLEY FARSON is an author more adventurous than most. He witnessed the Russian Revolution and was an RAF pilot in Egypt. He also spent five years in the forests of British Columbia—and sailed a small boat from the North to the Black Sea.

He was born in New Jersey 65 years ago and educated at Andover and Pennsylvania University. He is married, has one son, and lives in North Devon.

street, three storeys up, having managed to squeeze himself through the double-windows against the bitter Russian winter.

And it was in this room, one summer's noon, as the bells of St Isaac's began their crazy bingle-bongling, that, counting up my exchequer, I found I had only 20 roubles left in all the wide world.

I had just received a cable from New York informing me that the man I had left in London, with the power to draw my salary and pay my share of the apartment we shared together, had cleared out for parts unknown with the lot. And as I had shown no signs whatever of ever being able to do my business with the Russian War Department, I had better return forthwith.

"I CAN'T bear to look—you tell me how that horse wins."



Strange silence

Now here, I thought, is the end of the road—and remembering that old silver miner's saying: "There is only one sure thing about luck: some day, it will turn," I decided to take my 20 roubles and go out to the horse races—I, who only have to bet on a horse to watch it immediately break a leg.

Old Louis Terrier, that unbelievable Frenchman whom the Russians had put in to run the Astoria—who was just piling up millions as a consequence—was in his box, and waved me to come up.

A winner

"Mr Farson—let me pick you a winner," he said, twirling his white waxed moustache. He named one, after a careful survey they walked past; and I put ten roubles on it, having used part of the other ten to get on to the course.

It came last. "Well, that's finished my day," I said. "I can't stay now." But then—think of this for an open—his nephew to whom we had given the money to place at the pari-mutuel came back with our money. He had not been able to reach the wicket.

"Now," I said, emboldened, "let me pick the horse." "But do you know anything about horses?" asked old Terrier. "Not a thing. But my pick can't be any worse than your last one. I have a hunch."

Bag of bones

The horses for the next race were walked past. Colours, jockey, what? I was in this dilemma when I saw myself looking at a nag, this horse with half a mile between its front and hind feet, which, now that I saw it, also had a hogged back, and I asked Terrier's name. "There! Look at that one! Look at that black horse. Put every damn rouble you've got on it!" He just stared at me: "Are you mad?"

"Listen," I ordered. "Look at that animal closely. Did you ever see such a bone-shaker? Now it stands to reason that that bag of bones simply must have something, up his sleeve—"

that horse, can't you see the reason in my argument?—must be a genius! Otherwise, he couldn't have got here."

So it had. I got a small order later, nothing to write home about, but it did permit me to remain in Petrograd until after the Kerensky Revolution. Terrier had vanished. Then one day years later, going down in a train through France, trying to get the waiter of the Wagon-Lit, in my French, to get me a package of Gold Flakes, the man who had been sitting opposite me held out his gold cigarette case. "Mr Farson—may I ask you to have one of mine?"

A poor man...

"Terrier!" He slowly took a torn ten rouble note from his wallet and held it up. "All I have left of all my millions. I am a poor man now. But happy. Here is my card, my hotel—a little one, nothing like the grand Astoria—but do come some day and stay with me. Maybe—perhaps you and I will go to the races again?"

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday... when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by...

Donald Wilson

Did Yesterday's story—The First Casualty, by Adrian Ailington—actually happen? The answer is: YES.

A pioneer nation in the field of human welfare bends its will and its energies to cope with one of the saddest problems affecting the world today.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE AGED

By D. P. HENDERSON

HAVING taken the lead throughout the civilised world on industrial legislation earlier in the century, and more recently, initiated social security and family benefit legislation, New Zealand is again coming to the fore with her attempts to solve one of the world's most serious social problems—the care of the aged.

Here, in this otherwise well-endowed Dominion, hospitals are full to overflowing with partially crippled old men and women whose only sin is that they haven't anyone to look after them or anywhere else to sleep. Institutions and homes run by churches and other bodies are also packed.

Many thousands more, who are insisting on keeping their independence, are living in anything from rat-infested hovels to huge empty mansions, with only their memories for company, and are eking out a precarious living.

Sequel to the filling of hospitals with these old folk is that there is no room for genuine hospital cases. Unless you are an accident case or require urgent medical or surgical attention, you just have to wait until someone dies before a bed is available.

Solution Not Easy
This problem of the aged has been exercising the minds of all branches of the community. The solution is not easy because many of the old folk do not want to be rescued from their unhygienic existences.

Recognising that only desperate and urgent measures would rectify the position, Prime Minister Holland called together the top brains of the Dominion to see what could be done. The conference was given these pointers to report upon: 1. Accommodation needed by old people who can lead an independent life, and old people who are frail and infirm, and not those who need medical

Short Of Houses

One of the worst headaches is the shortage of adequate housing. Figures quoted at the conference showed that about half of one percent of New Zealand's total building programme was being provided for an estimated 20 percent of the adult population. This percentage compares with the figure of 10 percent recommended by the famous Nuffield Foundation in Great Britain. A New Zealand committee placed the figure at five percent, but said it would take at least five years to reach this target.

"The problem can be licked inside five years," declares Dr R. G. McElroy, of Auckland, "if old people's welfare councils are given the powers and the subsidies to provide homes for the aged."

Meanwhile, these people go on living in their hovels surrounded by dust and dirt, unwashed beds, unwashed dishes. Their urgent needs are for domestic help, some supervision and a little medical attention.

The conference decided to take steps to solve this difficulty. Another problem is that of young mothers with small children compelled by force of circumstances to care for aged relatives. It is decided that some sort of domestic help should be provided in these cases.

With life expectancy going up year after year, this problem of what to do for the aged is a continuing one. One fact remains certain and beyond all dispute—action is absolutely necessary, and at once. (COPYRIGHT)

TOM STACEY, Old Etonian-explorer, who reported last winter on his trip deep into the jungles of Africa, is in Canada, and writes of a different type of forest IT'S HOT IN THE BURNING NORTH

OUT here in the Canadian bush they often impressively confide in you that there's one thing that scares the life out of them—a forest fire.

Believe me, as sure as I am wet through with the waters of picturesque Lake Cahill, Eastern Quebec, there's truth in that.

A big had been burning up in the endless timberlands north of a spot called Fort Coulonge for the best part of a week. A bush pilot attached to a northern prospecting outfit spotted it.

We got used to hearing how the team which had gone up to fight it was getting on. Fires come, fires go. Lightning had started it and it only needed another storm to put it out. But that storm never came. Canada's forest turned into a continental-sized tinder-box.

Conscripts

THEN, last week-end, the sun-set clouds northwards looked as if a rival pair of TV cooks had gone berserk with egg whisks.

THEN...whoosh—the wind came down from the north. After six hours of wind and sunshine the blaze increased its frontage to 60 miles.

THEN up went Stacey to have a look, but so fast that he forgot to change out of his cotton-nylon white-striped £10 suit.

The fire could be reached by a 100-mile trip up a bush road, following the Black River. I picked a lift with a courteous young French-Canadian called Gaston, driving a lorry full of provision for the firefighters.

In the back of the lorry was a complete family of half-breed Indians. It consisted of one family chief with squaw (baptised Estelle), plus one aunt, and three sons and a daughter aged between 16 and six. All wore brand new, black 10-gallon headwear, fitted with elastic chinbands.

The Indian men had been conscripted to fire-fight (compulsory for all summoned, unless you are exempted by a doctor). The women were volunteers, but their high spirits showed they intended gathering the full 3s. 6d. an-hour fire-fighter's wage. A slab of white smoke across the horizon told us which of the spidering dust tracks to take through the forest. Gaston drove slowly—because of eggs in his cargo. But the road was not specially reliable and one bridge gave way.

While we were getting the truck out and the eggs back on board the Indians happily calculated they were losing 21s. by the delay. The truck's radio had broken too. Gaston said: "Usually I like to know everything in the news—wars, politics, the U.S."

As we neared the fire-fighters' camp we were directed by the vast red glow against the night sky. If you listened you could distinguish a deep roar from the sound of the Black River. The roar belonged to the fire.

The camp was 20 low cordon tents, supported by Indian-style wooden poles at each end. It seemed odd that the camp was not sited on the safe side of the river, but they put me right: "The fire could jump this river anywhere."

A shift of lumberjacks and sawyers—now all fire-fighters—had just come back to sleep. They were a mixed group—Canadians speaking French, English, German, Polish, I-quois.

Their foreman was a fellow "Limer" (Canadian term for Englishmen in Canada)—Trever Jepps, born in Gateshead in 1923, emigrated with parents during the lean days in 1929.

16 Hours A Day

THE men drew their hot meal from the trestle-table out among the mosquitoes. Eyes were red-rimmed, chins stubbled. They had been at it 16 hours a day for a week.

Their highly coloured shirts and cotton trousers were torn. Few had washed since the fire began. I felt I had fallen out of a shop window.

Jepps wore a straw hat. He had lost his voice from the smoke, and had another man to shout his orders. He whispered that the fire was now approaching at two miles a day. With the front just a mile off, the camp would be all right for one more night.

We went up to the fire together, with Gaston. One of the men, too tired to go on, was taking the truck back. We left the Indians galloping their food.

You first noticed how the birds stopped twittering. Then you got waves of heat, and smoke whiffs. Then spurts of red light through the trees.

Closer, the roar of flames sounded more like thunder than anything else.

The heat up front slapped you fearfully. It was like standing in shallow sea-water in the face of a huge oncoming wave. But the men in the skeleton night team were standing within 30 feet with their hoses.

The fire, jumping about the undergrowth, skittering up the dry-bark birch trees, leaping from pine to spruce which fizzed up like fireworks, struck an ugly contrast with the men.

The fire was capricious, erratic, alarmingly powerful. The thin men—Gaston now among them—were now systematically hosing the ground fire and retreating, pathetically weak with their fingerling jets of water from the two-inch thick hoses. The thundering fire made a grotesque frontier between living things and the dead.

We turned our backs on the heat, and Jepps told me the background. It had taken two days to cut a trail to the fire. Then it was 12 miles off. At one point, this 92-man camp had their section under control. Then, since my eyebrows, if the fire didn't creep beneath the undergrowth and roast 100 yards off.

Next morning, cotton or no nylon, Stacey had to get out there and do his bit.

We had a lumberjack's breakfast of 14-inch thick bacon, potatoes, three eggs, pancakes and maple syrup and coffee in enamel bowls. You felt like fighting a fire after that.

The strong morning dew had slowed the fire down. But it had advanced 500 yards in the night, and the day dawned clear—ready for a poster.

The Boss

MY job was paying out the hoses, or pulling them back. Most of the streams had dried, so we had to get water from Lake Cahill, 5,000 feet away. We pulled two canoes along the trail and staggered them. Then we pumped water from the lake first into one canoe, then into the next, thence to the front.

The fire did not run much earlier in the morning. But it broke away in the afternoon. At the heat of the day, men came running back down the hose trail, with the fire after them like a wild animal. We only just got the canoes out.

I was leaving when Jepps was detaching men to move the camp back. He came up to ask him what the chances were of killing the fire. He did not recognise me at first—my cotton-nylon needed a bit of a press.

Then he said: "When are we going to put it out?... You'd better ask the boss."

Stacey: "Who's the boss?" Said the red-eyed Gateshead foreman: "The fire."

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Hiroshima Was Never Beautiful

By
Richard Hughes

HIROSHIMA never was a beautiful city. I first visited it in 1940, when the train blinds were drawn as you passed through the Imperial Japanese Navy base at Kure. I next saw it 10 years ago, just after it had been devastated by the world's first atomic bomb—and now I have seen Hiroshima again.

Today Hiroshima is still not a beautiful city, but it is, as it was 15 years ago, a virile, bustling, crowded city, prosperous in that curious Japanese fashion in which dinginess and squalor can mutually forge a certain well-being.

Hiroshima has been restored and rebuilt with the dogged, uncompromising resilience which the Japanese people manifest after earthquakes, fire, flood and typhoon—man-made or natural disaster.

Ten years ago, the flash and blast of the atomic bomb laid horrible waste to the thriving city of 300,000 people. More than 91,000 men, women and children were killed (over 13,000 bodies have never been found). 37,000 were injured and two-thirds of the sprawling city's seven square miles were flattened and blackened.

DEEPLY SCARRED

When I first saw the ruins, after an hour's jeep ride along the inland sea road from the British Occupation headquarters in Kure, the surrounding mountains were deeply scarred and bordered with great grey burns, still bewildered survivors were subsiding in refugee camps, the ramshackle hospitals were crowded with dying, burned and disfigured patients, and eerie rumours of invisible but continuing radioactive malignance and scared paddled.

At that time the belated and much-upon discovery of a nearby "island of horror," littered with the bloated bodies of hundreds of mortally wounded victims who had fled to die in secret agony, had not yet been made.

And now—what of Hiroshima today?

First, there is no real visual evidence of the great holocaust. A new city has sprung up, better planned and better designed than the old one, but intrinsically little more attractive. There is a Peace Park. There is an unpleasant Peace Cathedral. There is a white Peace Cenotaph—erecting and flanking solemnly—with the inscription, "Rest ye in peace, for we shall never repeat the mistake."

FLOWERS AGAIN

Today Hiroshima's population has grown again to 300,000, of whom only 60,000 actually lived through the 1945 visitation.

Dramatically and hopefully, magnolia and camphor trees have begun to flourish again at Point Zero and, symbolically, the first cicadas, after a decade of silence, have begun to chirp again.

In all the measure sense of grisly pride which animated ruined Hiroshima of eight years ago has largely disappeared, although a huge sign at the busy railway station still depicts, with lofty satisfaction, the appalling extent of original destruction, while in the mayor's office, you are still shown the treasured, haunting, "day after" photographs of shadows burned into walls, and of dangling fruit with the skin burned off on the side facing the explosion, a mile distant.

NO MONSTERS

Behind the transformation, 50 Western doctors supervise the research of a Japanese medical staff of 700 of the U.S.-financed Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, which, Japanese Communists say, is using Japanese sufferers as atomic guinea-pigs.

More than 8,000 victims of the bombing still need treatment, but only one-tenth can afford Japanese medical attention, which, in any event, is more experimental than curative.

Leukemia (a form of incurable blood cancer) is still taking its toll, and eye cataracts are prevalent among the survivors. The whispered stories of a growing race of young monsters are, however, pure nonsense.

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HOLLYWOOD saw these pictures....and immediately made a STARTLING DECISION

GARDNER IS 'OUR NEW GARBO'

by DAVID LEWIN

FOR Garbo read Gardner. That is what Hollywood decided when it saw these vivid pictures from Ava Gardner's latest made-in-Britain film, "Dhowani Junction."

The pictures show the glamorous Miss Gardner as she has never been seen acting before. And that decided Hollywood on the surprise casting of Ava Gardner in the Greta Garbo part in the remake of "Anna Christie."

After 25 years

"Anna Christie" was Garbo's first talking picture, filmed in 1930 when Gardner was just seven years old. Now Gardner is to take over the part—in the story of a waterfront girl with a rusty reputation who marries a sailor and tries to climb back to respectability.

The new film—based on Eugene O'Neill's play—will have a musical treatment as well. But the star part calls for acting.

Ava Gardner proves in "Dhowani Junction" that she is a character actress too. Which may come as a surprise to Hollywood—but not to me.

Ava took a look at these pictures and told me: "Pretty exciting. Everything happens to me in this film. I've really tried to work at it. I'm an Anglo-Indian girl caught up in the trouble during the partition of India."

"What happens to me? Well, I'm nearly strangled; I struggle on the footplate of a moving engine; I'm trampled in riots; I'm caught in a train in a search for a 'curse'."

"It is really the perils of Ava...and I've been cut around so much I'm still sore."

Obviously she is serious in a good cause. Two years ago not even cuts and bruises would have got Ava Gardner a Garbo part.

(COPYRIGHT)



GARDNER...THE MOMENT OF FEAR



GARDNER...THE MOMENT OF SUSPICION



GARDNER...THE MOMENT OF ANGUISH



THE MOMENT OF TERROR AS A TRAIN SPEEDS TO DISASTER

WHY LET THE CHILD UPSET YOU?

ARE you allowing your child's school report to throw a shadow on your holiday?

Some parents, I know, get worried about these things. But if you are wise you will tear up the report unread.

If you are the sort of parent who believes in schoolmasters it will only upset you. If on the other hand you are the more cynical type, such as myself,

you won't believe a word of them.

No one, as far as I know, ever asks a schoolmaster for his report, nevertheless he volunteers one regularly.

Written by men and women manifestly on the verge of nervous collapse, these pitiable testimonials to their authors' shortcomings are more often than not, actually enclosed with the bill for next term.

It is as if the greater had suddenly taken leave of his senses and forwarded with his weekly account a critical assessment of one's table manners.

As I said, parents who are at all sensitive about their children (and which of us is not?) do well to destroy a report unopened.

If, in doing so, you also manage to tear up the bill, well, never mind. The head master will send you another.

Readers already know my opinion of head masters. What we are going to consider now are holidays...holidays without pay...school holidays.

A testing time alike for parents and children: I suppose the average father, like myself, is rather impatient to write about them at all, seeing that he has little, if anything, to do with them.

Mother has had more than enough and a cunning father can at this critical stage re-establish himself as a power in the household.

What is needed is a constructive plan for getting through the day, an effective answer to the question: What can we do now?

I am not in favour of setting them useful and wholesome tasks, partly because if other people's children are like mine, and I hope they are, it would be quite useless.

Nor can I encourage them to play games. Once a child develops a taste for hitting a ball about it is difficult to break him of this thoroughly useless and disreputable habit.

He will waste his life on municipal golf links and his money watching other people play football.

There is something, although not a great deal, to be said for teaching a child bridge, but you need several children who are prepared to wash their hands.

No, it is easier to take them for an excursion and make sure before you arrange for the day off that it's somewhere you want to go yourself.

It's no use making a martyr of yourself at the Science Museum...children are quick to notice when one is not enjoying oneself...I favour on the whole the less reputable kind of excursion because, if you fail to amuse your child temporarily, you may implant in his breast hatred of gambling or a horror of foreigners or even better still, both, which will save him a small fortune when he is older and sillier.

Of course, if you can't get the day off you can do a great deal worse than take your child with you when you go to work one morning.

You will be surprised how much he will enjoy helping daddy slice the bacon or work the adding machine. The shop or office will look, and indeed be, quite a different place when the kids are around, and who knows, the managing director may take a fancy to him and offer to adopt him on the spot.

Quite Different.

If, as is more probable, he asks you what the devil you think you're doing turning the place into a creche, then this is your chance to impress him as a conscientious father, to touch his heart, or even his pocket.

"I've nowhere to leave the little chap just at the moment," you must tell him.

"I thought you wouldn't mind him lingering around for a bit. It's cold outside."

You are now embarked on a drama which, if you and your child play out sincerely, may well land you an extra week's holiday and a bonus, or it set at least teach your child how managing directors carry on. Either way—good luck!

(COPYRIGHT)

Added Noise

It is true that he will be vaguely aware that they've started by the added noise in the morning and the state of the bathroom. He will, perhaps, have met one or more of his breed on the staircase at unexpected times, and has even inquired after their health and plans. But he will be out of the house and down the road before they have time to answer his questions. If indeed, they ever had any intention of doing so.

Most fathers tend to spend more and more of their time as the holidays progress away from home. They will accept the most unlikely invitations for a night out, sustained by the knowledge that their wives will not only be too busy to accompany them but also to inquire too closely where they have been.

Quite a lot of fathers also manage to get rid of both their wives and children entirely for large chunks of the holidays by taking rooms for them at the seaside or arranging for them to stay with unlikely, relatives in more primitive parts.

When this happens they naturally tend to boast about it a good deal to other fathers, and, unless they are unwise enough to sample their loved ones' exile briefly at week-ends to ignore, if not actually to extol, the rude discomfort of farmhouse or caravan.

"Having the time of their lives down in Suffolk, old man, have to fetch the water from half a mile up the road...first thing in the world for the boy...no cinema within miles...and, of course, the wife's perfectly happy as long as the kids are."

"I don't think I'll be able to get down this week-end. As a matter of fact I rather like the house to myself, and there's a play I want to watch on TV."

All good things come to an end, however, and most of us will soon be approaching the time when the family is home again and the children's holidays should be over, but quite obviously are not.

Back from the beaches, they lie about the house like the stranded marlin, they themselves have long ago being back, dead, into the sea.

Robert Morley

actor, playwright, and father of three, presents a PRIMER FOR PARENTS ON HOLIDAY.

Not long ago the psychical researchers of many lands held a conference at Cambridge (Professor Price took the chair for one of the sessions) and they were all agreed that spontaneous phenomena must be further investigated. In fact, they set up a sort of international bureau for the collection of such information, and presumably hope that the gho—apparitions will report there whenever they are in town.

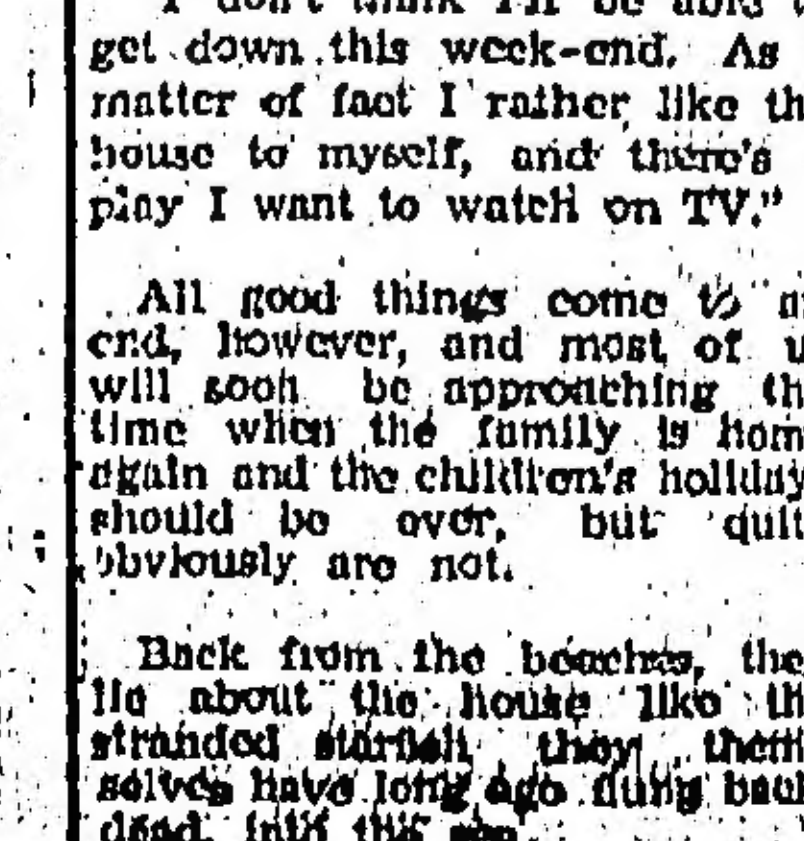
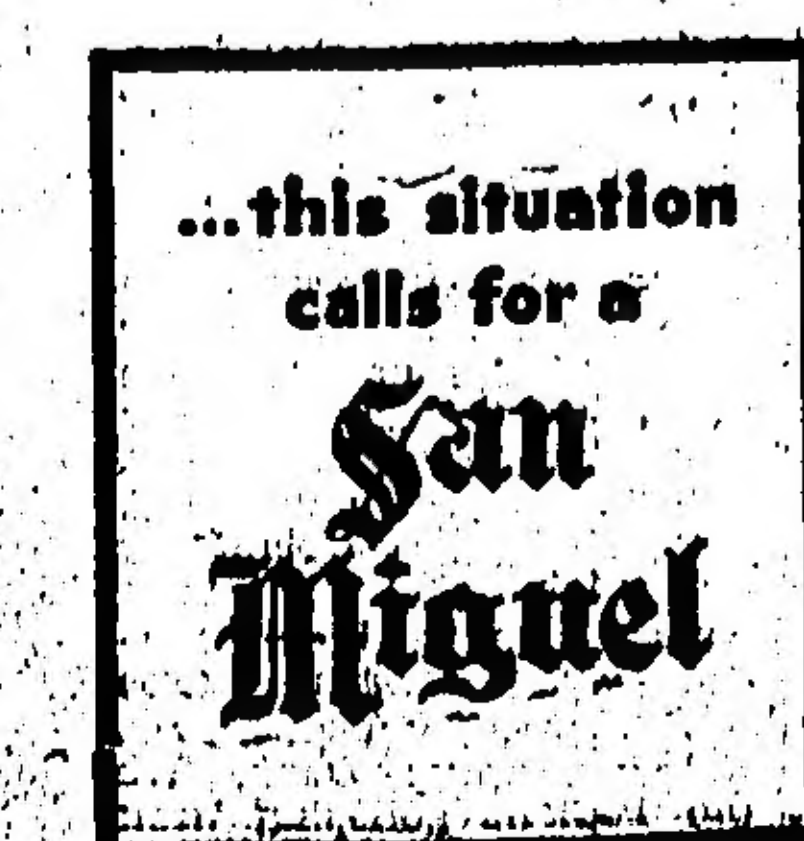
Professor Price, I should mention, is seldom in town. It is not that he does all his business by long-distance telepathy, but simply that he finds London dusty, noisy and tiring, and comes here only when he cannot avoid doing so. Otherwise he stays in Oxford.

And does Professor Price believe that we will one day have a Professor of Psychical Research? "Oh, these things are still very much in the future," he said. For a moment I thought he was going to look into the future and tell me the answer.

BERNARD LEVIN

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel



THE Liberation Day cocktail party held at the Royal Hongkong Defence Force Petty Officers' and Sergeants' Mess last Monday was again a huge success. Some of those present: (top) Mr and Mrs R. D. Chandler, Mr and Mrs E. Gaudier and Major C. F. Miles; (bottom) Mr A. E. Bull, Mess President, Mr A. A. Andrews and Mr F. C. Jones. (Staff Photographer)



CHINESE YMCA women swimmers, who won both the senior and junior championships at the eighth annual aquatic meet sponsored by the Chinese Amateur Swimming Association. (King Wah)



OTHER Liberation Day observances: Left: Lady Grantham arriving at St John's Cathedral for the commemoration service. She is greeted by Mr O. Skinner. Above: Former Portuguese prisoners of war held a reunion dinner at the Club Lusitano. Some of them wore their internment camp numbers, as Mr J. L. d'Aquino here. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell dinner given by the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce for Mr Ralph H. Hunt, Economic Attache of the U.S. Consulate - General, who is leaving Hongkong on re-assignment. From left: Mrs E. F. Drumwright, Mr Hunt and Mr Ko Cheuk-hung. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Annabel, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Zimmern. (Staff Photographer)



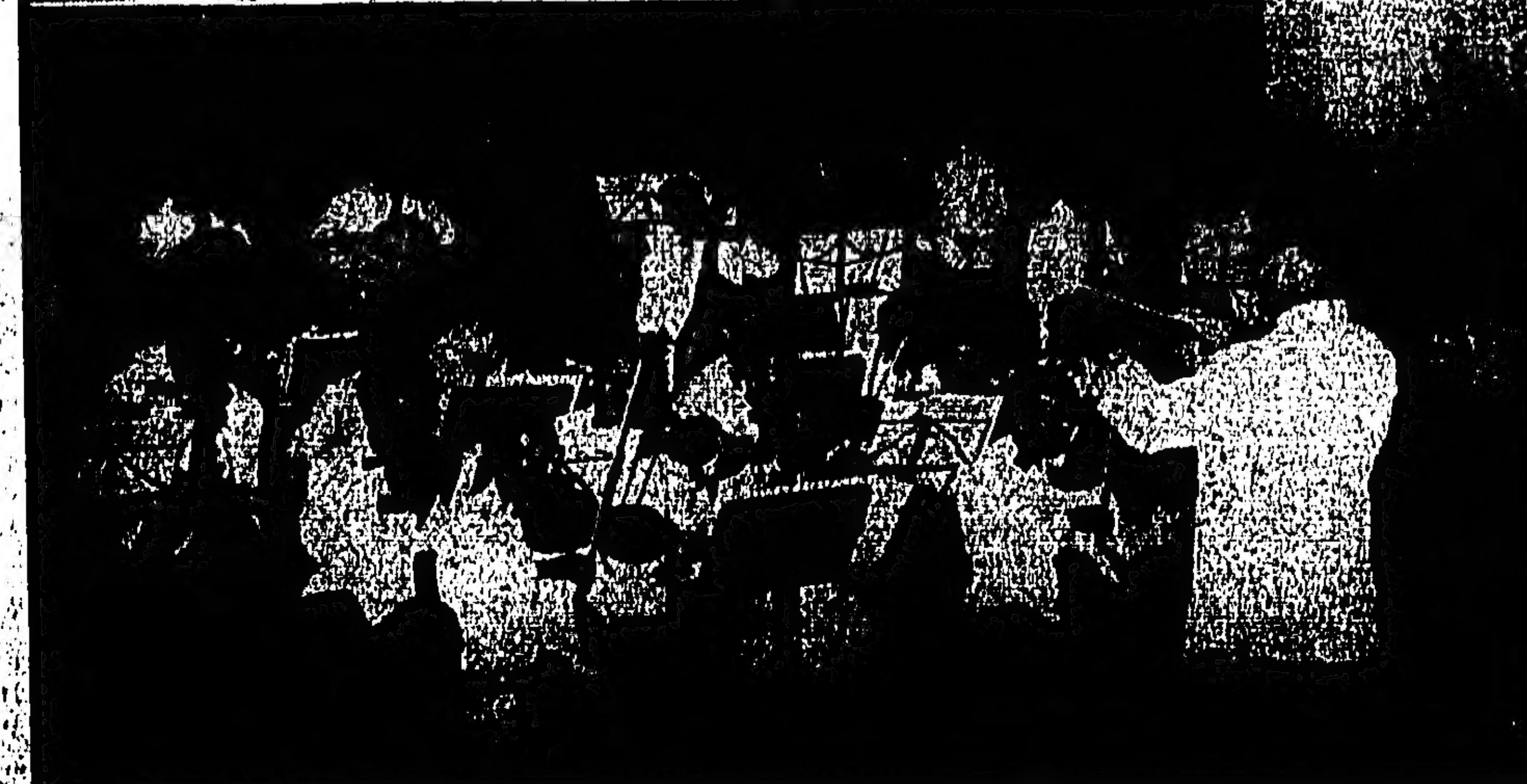
LEFT: Mr Colin Lim and Miss Mary Rose Lee, who were married at St Andrew's Church last Monday. (Mainland)



RIGHT: Christening at St Joseph's Church on Wednesday of Lesley Alison, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Arthur King. (Ming Yuen)



BELOW: The Hongkong Concert Orchestra snapped during their first promenade concert of the season at the Ritz last Sunday. Left: The conductor, Mr Victor Ardy, has a chat with friends during the interval. (Staff Photographer)



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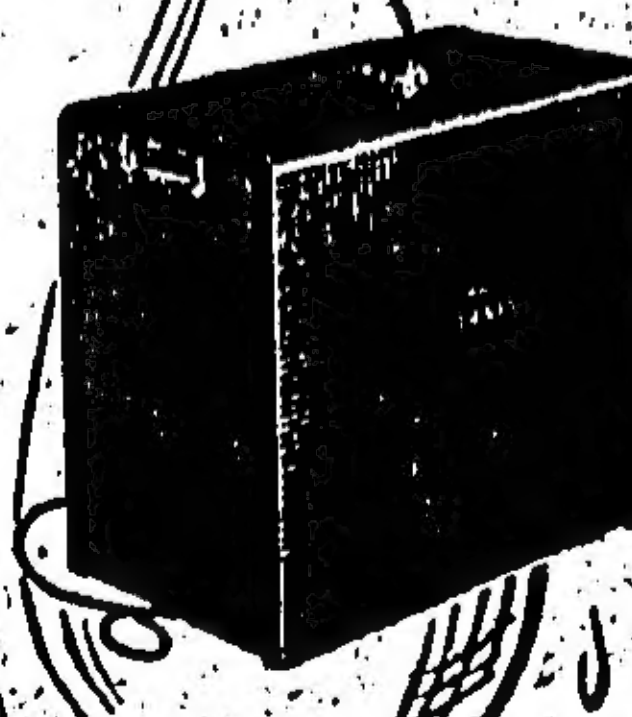
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GROUP picture taken at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce when a dinner party was given in honour of six members who recently were awarded Honours by Her Majesty the Queen. They are Sir Robert Ho Tung, the Hon. M. W. Lo, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. Kwok Chan, Mr Wong Ping-ying and Mr Fung Hon-chu. (Staff Photographer)

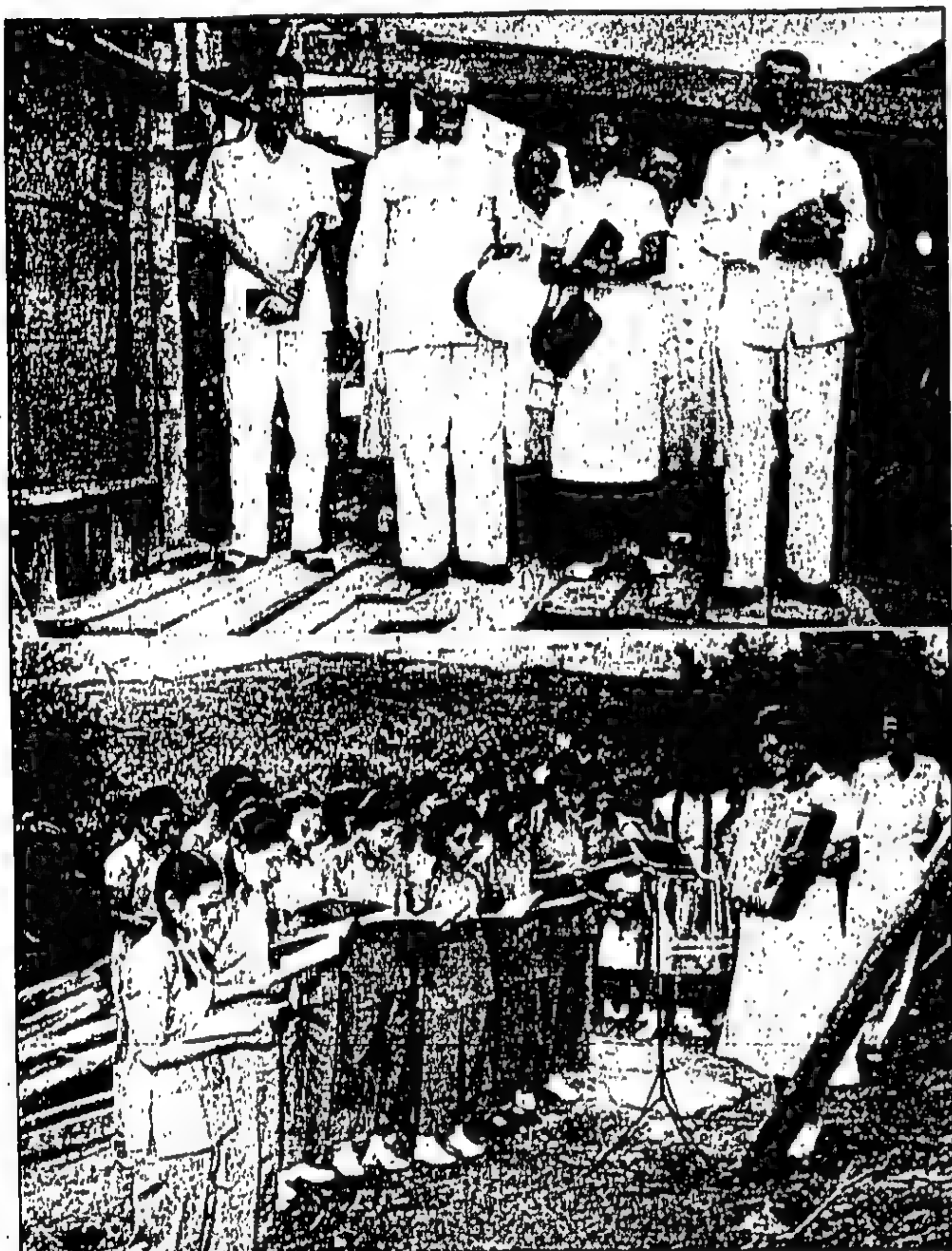


MASTER Ian McFadzean, son of Prof. and Mrs. A. J. S. McFadzean, celebrating his tenth birthday with his young friends on Thursday. (Starlite).

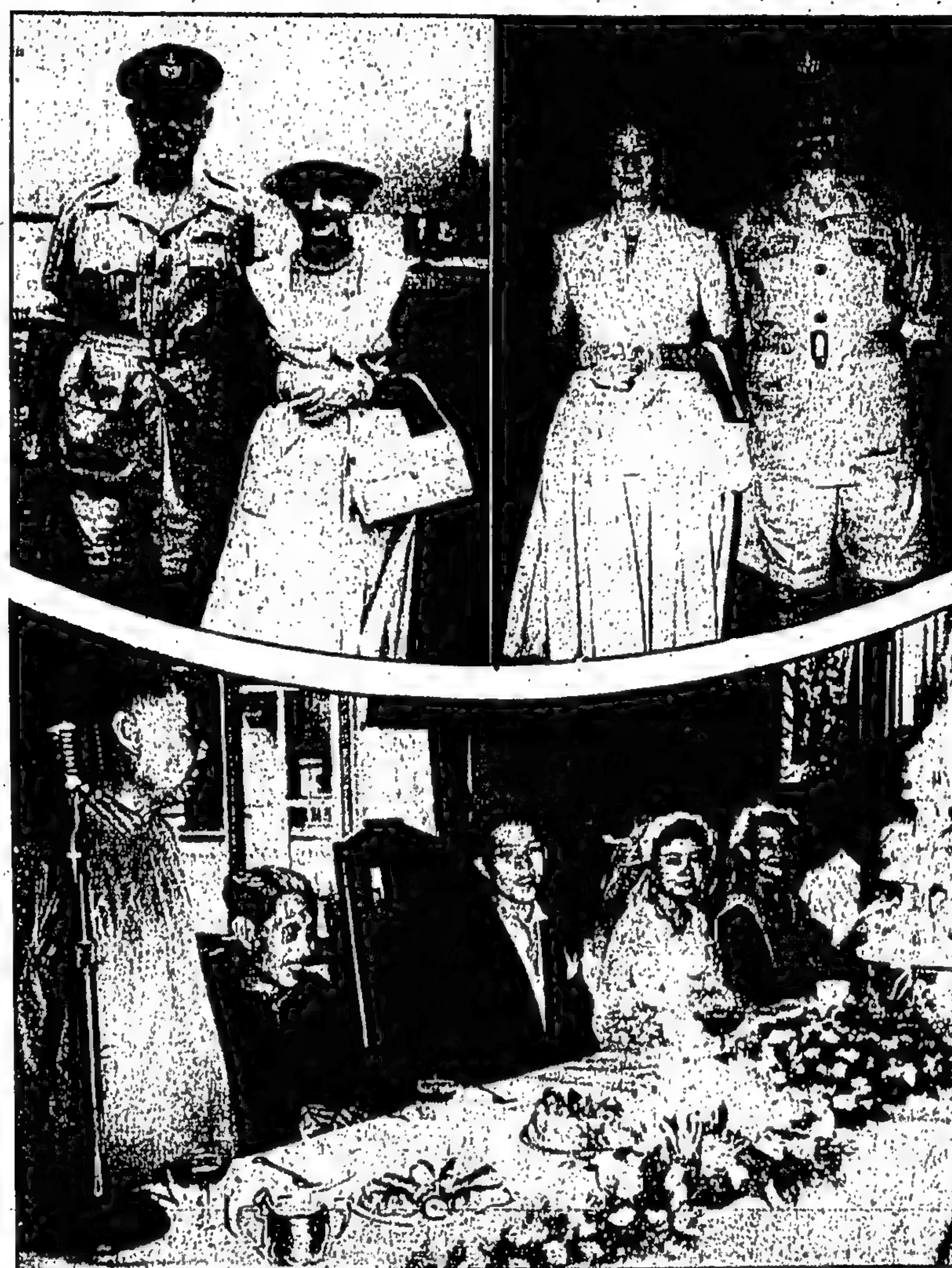


THE summer badminton classes at the Craigangower Cricket Club concluded last week, when a closing-day tournament was held. Olivia Ogley and Darlyn Ma, above, won the junior girls' doubles event. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Two recipients of Long Service and Good Conduct Medals presented to RAF members at Kai Tak last Saturday. They are Warrant Officer D. Daley (left) and Warrant Officer P. D. Murphy, seen with their wives. (Staff Photographer)



TWO scenes at the stonelaying last week of the new Salvation Army officers' quarters and hostel at Kwai Chung, New Territories. The new building has been donated by the Army's Toronto division. (Staff Photographer)

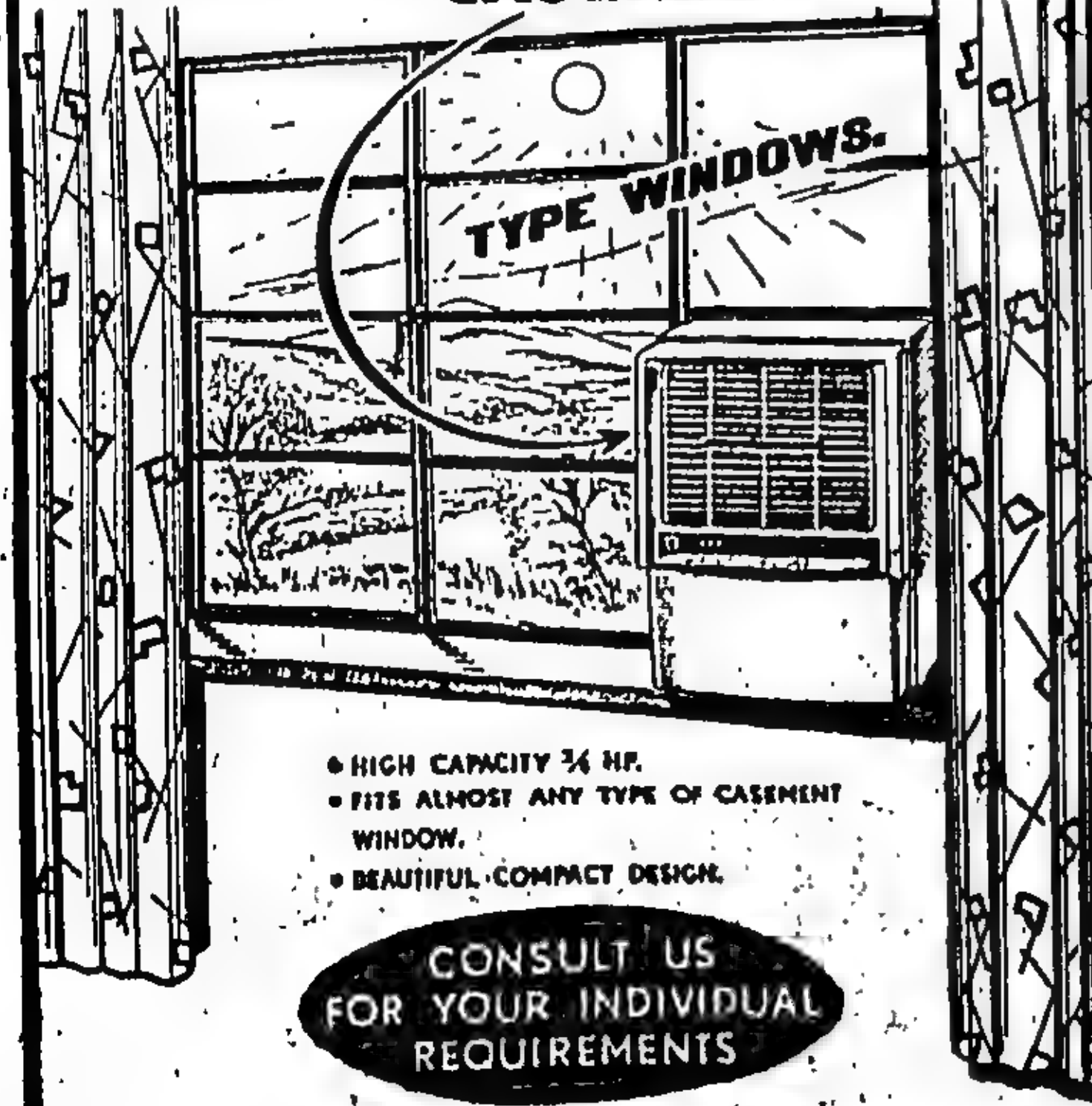


THE Hon. T. N. Chau felicitating the newly-married pair at the wedding reception of Mr Hui Cho-ying and Miss Chen Dan-yong. The reception, held at the Gloucester Hotel, was attended by several hundred guests. (Staff Photographer)



MR Donald Brooks (left), Acting Controller of Broadcasting, who is returning to England shortly, interviewed by John Wallace during the farewell party held at Radio Hongkong on Thursday. Mr Brooks was seconded to Hongkong from the BBC. (Staff Photographer)

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CAPTAIN Ethel Holmes-Brown (right), who is relinquishing command of the Hongkong Women's Auxiliary Army Corps on leaving the Colony, was entertained by members of the unit at a farewell party on Thursday. A bouquet from the girls is presented by Cpl Beatrice Grenet. In centre is Captain Marie Daniel. (Staff Photographer)

A colour film of the last Macao Grand Prix was shown to members of the Motor Sports Club during their social evening on Thursday. Among those present were (from left above) Major Hector Chauvin, Mr W. K. Lam and Mr Paul E. Du Toit. (Staff Photographer)

GAUDY BUT NICE

WE RECEIVED A RANGE OF PYJAMAS RECENTLY, FROM OUR FRIENDS IN REGENT STREET, A LITTLE GAUDY BUT SUPERB QUALITY.

WHEN YOU'RE PASSING, HALF AN EYE WILL SPOT THEM IN THE WINDOW.

MACKINTOSH'S

Salzburg Is a City Of Gloom

— AS THE GIs SAY GOODBYE

THIS music festival city of Salzburg looks more like a city preparing to meet its doom than one celebrating Austrian independence.

Salzburg is probably the unhappiest "liberated" city in history. Bars and cafes are getting ready to close down; merchants are reducing inventories and cutting prices, and the city has appropriated emergency unemployment relief funds.

Why all this gloom? The free-spending American GIs are leaving. There are nearly 10,000 American troops stationed in the Salzburg area, and they spend money like water. Salzburg has never in its history been more prosperous — thanks to GI spending.

Income Cut

Some 500,000,000 schillings have dropped into Salzburg's cash boxes through American soldiers. Now Salzburg will have to face a 50 percent cut in its income. Three out of five coffee houses will have to close down when the last soldiers leave Austria, and some 10,000 people will be unemployed when American offices close down.

By the middle of September, when Mozart's music is resounding from the municipal festival hall here the U.S. occupation forces in Austria will have all but withdrawn.

They will take with them memories of a pleasant stay. The Österreichischer and the Bräuer here provide some of the most comfortable accommodation in Allied occupied countries.

Not far away at Camp Raden, which is still under construction, the most modern army school in Europe lies in ruins — never used by the Americans.

Some of the 350 apartments at Camp Raden, believed to be the most spacious and modern military housing on the Continent, have not only never been used but will only be occupied later by Austrian families.

Great Problem

Living in Austria for the American occupation troops and their dependents has been easy, with one American dollar having an exchange rate of 26 schillings. About 85 percent of military spending has been in the Salzburg area. Americans have been able to buy the best products of Austria with no strain on their budgets.

Also considered a great problem by the Austrians are the claimed 1,250 illegitimate "occupation" children born in the city of Salzburg, alone. At present about 500 of them are being cared for by the City Youth Office.

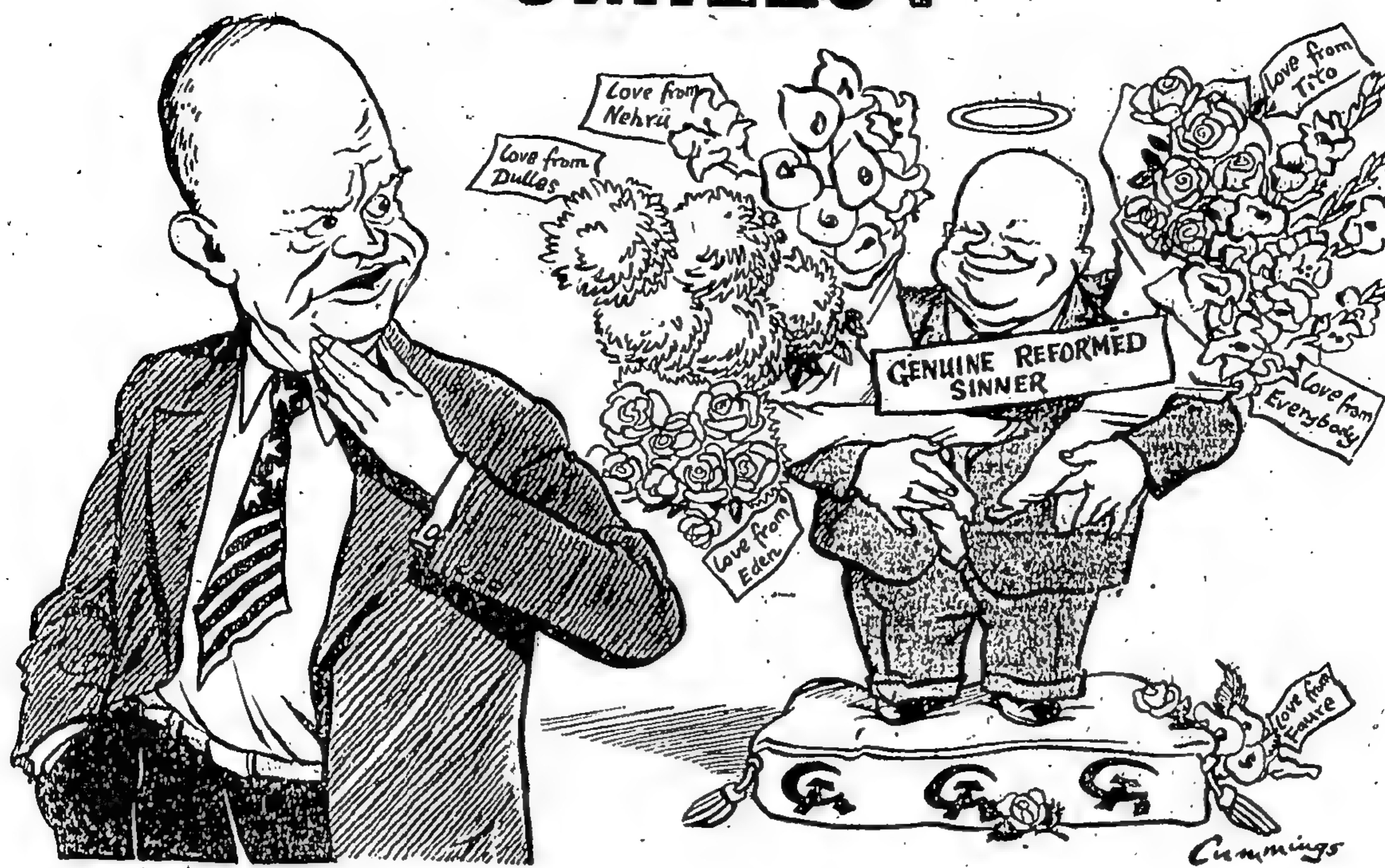
On the positive side, the withdrawal of occupation troops will help the housing shortage.

Since the departure of American troops will close about half the taverns and coffee houses in Salzburg, officials are not issuing licenses to any new establishments.

It is estimated that 2,000 Austrian girls—the girl friends of GIs—will now have to go to work. But where, nobody knows. Many of the girls, however, are tackling the problem by "emigrating" to Germany, which still has GIs.

John Harper

SHOULD WE BEWARE of SMILES?



"Maybe if WE had cut someone's throat and then repented WE'd be popular too."

THE CHANGE in Russia's attitude to the West has amazed the world in the past six months. Smiles have displaced scowls, and the Soviet rulers have exchanged the seclusion of the Kremlin for gambolling picnics in the country.

Is Britain in danger of being lulled

and deceived by all this into drifting away from the United States—our staunchest ally and friend outside of the Commonwealth nations?

This vital topic is discussed below by **RENE MACCOLL**, who is uniquely qualified among the journalists of the Western world.

He was a wartime liaison official for the British Government in the United States; successively Washington Reporter and Chief American Reporter for the Daily Express during the exciting post-war decade; and, in the past 18 months, he has made three visits to the Soviet Union and one to Red China.

I URGE Let us NOT forget the friends who have stood by us

LET me play the role of political chartered accountant and draw up the international balance sheet.

Since 1945 the United States of America has:—

1. Stood fast and unflinchingly flooded by a battered and groggy Europe, patiently, and on the whole tactfully, helping to get it back on its feet.

2. Poured out thousands upon thousands of millions of dollars—raised by taxing the ordinary citizens of the U.S.—in successive and generally successful attempts to help the European economy.

3. Clean broken with the whole historical tradition and instinct of American isolationism by sending hundreds of thousands of her young men to stand guard with us here in Britain—to help keep the peace.

One little scene will always for me sum up the whole inspiring and reassuring part played by the United States in these troubled years.

THE TIME: January 1951.
THE PLACE: Only Airport, Paris.

European morale was in fragments. There was talk of the Russian Army being able to reach the Channel in three weeks. In France there was near-panic.

The plane touched down and out stepped the man who was later to become America's President. Eisenhower had come to do the formidable job of building up forces which would stand a chance of stopping the Reds if they moved westward.

THAT CASH
—it was taxed

RARELY have I seen so extraordinary a change in atmosphere. The very presence of this smiling, courageous soldier seemed to infuse all who saw him. For this American brought with him the most priceless of all spiritual commodities—hope.

The measure of American generosity in thus deciding to stand firm alongside us is proved by the rage which it

provoked among the Communists—the amount of chalk which they have wasted over the years in scrawling "Yankee Go Home" under railway bridges.

On the money side there are, of course, millions of us who feel that Britain should never have accepted the American loan of 1946 and all the other tremendous financial and economic gifts which the U.S.A. has proffered us.

We blame the politicians—the British politicians—for that. Better to have tried to make it unaided, however tightly the belt had to be pulled. But that consideration does not for one instant detract from a heart-warming act of friendship.

All that money did not just grow on the trees of Washing-

by

RENE
MACCOLL



ton and New York. It was taxed money—it was money made by the work of millions of ordinary Americans. Do not let us ever forget that.

Right. Now let's have a look at the other page. Credit column first—Russia has:—

ONE: Agreed to an Austrian treaty and military evacuation of that country.

TWO: Announced that she proposes to cut her armed forces by 640,000 men;

THREE: Suddenly started to behave in the smaller matters, such as tourism and social contacts, in the same way as do the majority of normal civilised countries.

RECALL
the other side

OF course the advantage of behaving outrageously over a period of years is that when you suddenly decide to reform the effect is that much more devastating.

Dickens wrote a whole book about it, and human nature being what it is, we are apt to make more fuss over a reformed Scrooge than the quiet fellow who has dissembled nothing but unobtrusive kindness all his life.

Debts? ONE: Russia forcibly added to her empire the

three independent and freedom-loving States of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. That was in 1940, when we had our hands full with Hitler.

To this day the Russians refuse to allow Westerners to visit those three "Soviet Socialist Republics" because she knows well that the sight of an Englishman or American strolling the streets would provoke a nostalgic pro-Western demonstration.

TWO: Russia bolsters the Communist Governments of Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and East Germany with the machine guns of her vast army.

THREE: Russia talks peace—but maintains a vitriolic anti-Western campaign by means of posters in the parks of all her cities.

FOUR: Russia says religion is unimpeded within her borders—and maintains a Government-sponsored Anti-God Museum. It is in the crypt of the former Kazan Cathedral in Leningrad—where I saw it the other day.

FIVE: Until a few months ago Britain and the West generally were the targets of a deliberate campaign of abuse, distortions and hatred in the official Press and radio of the U.S.S.R., the violence and exaggeration of which finally deprived the words used of all meaning. Their campaign has now halted. But—permanently?

CHURCHILL—
says 'Hold firm'

LET us keep a sense of proportion. We in this country are especially liable to react to a smile and a nice gesture. We are a little apt to conclude that if a man has a pleasant expression then his intentions must be pure.

Memories are short, I know—but while we read the accounts of who sang what at the Moscow dacha party let us not entirely lose sight of the grimmer, harsher background of the things that went before. And let us not slip into the habit of taking the American ally for granted. Friendships among nations, as among individuals, require stoking.

The greatest Englishman of them all, Churchill, has repeatedly exhorted us to stick by the American association whatever the odds. And, as history has shown, his advice has not been disregarded.

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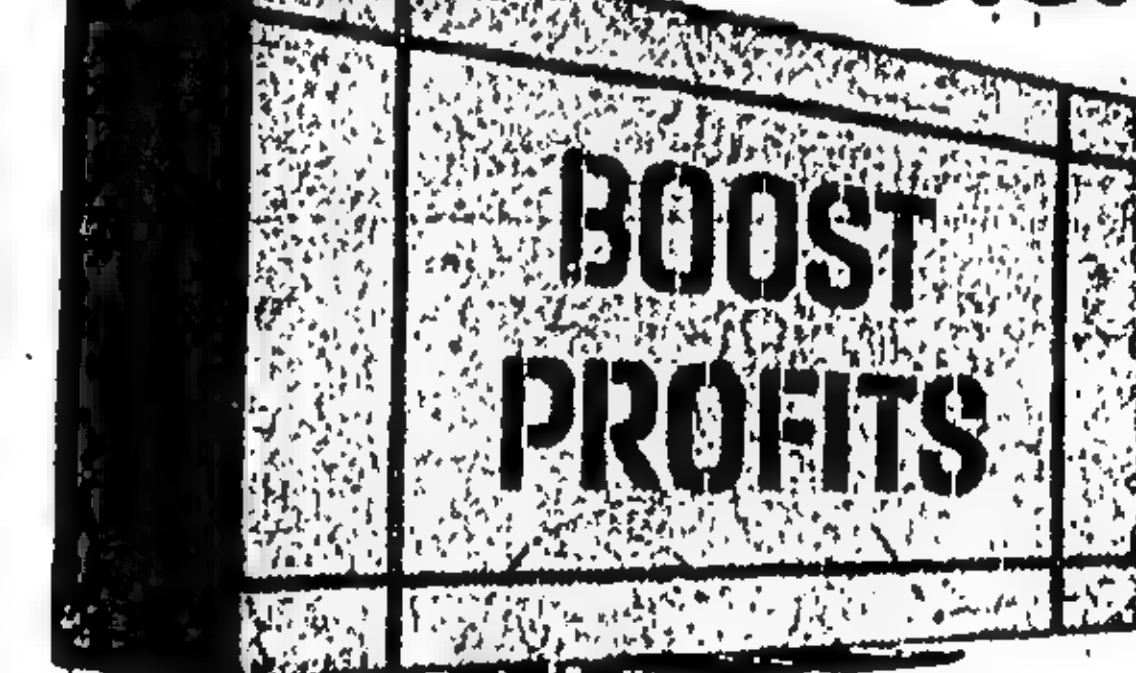


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A Sentimental Journey.... By RUSSELL SPURR

WHEN in Hankow recently, I made the inevitable sentimental journey to the old foreign concession. My tiny Russian car stuttered down neat little tree-lined avenues that were starved of traffic. Unruly grass sprouted from the pavements. The walls and fences that once maintained the foreigners in comforting isolation were cracked and broken down.

The big British Consular compound recalled what once had been. It, too, would soon be Chinese property.

The caretaker who showed me through the rusty gate had worked there since 1932. He led the way through overgrown lawns and flower-beds, apologising for the wilderness. He and his wife did a little gar-

dening for exercise, but in places the white ants had ravaged.

"That's the fault of the Japanese," grumbled the caretaker. "When they lived here during the war they only washed the floors. They didn't polish them."

He gestured helplessly. "That's how the ants got in." We clattered together up the carpetless staircase and peeped furtively into the bedrooms. The shutters were closed, the rooms were dusty. None but the ugliest Works Department furniture seemed to have survived.

The Edwardian elegance of a well-built British house had gone with its owners. The garden wall and the lawn and the snug red brick had delisted for years the foreigners of the Chinese city that bounded this little piece of Britain.

Now the tall steel flagpole was rustling, empty. The new proprietors were beginning to move in.

I paused on the peeling verandah, looking down into the

neglected garden. Others had stood there like me, blinking in the bright afternoon sunlight, but then there had been an awning overhead, deck chairs and glasses with cool tinkling drinks.

The awning posts were still there. The awnings were gone with some forgotten wind. The sun-bleached skeleton of a single deck chair awaited the white ants.

A child's slide stood among the weeds. Two derelict posts presided over the ruins of the tennis court.

I stood for a fleeting moment conjuring up visions of young consular officials in well-pressed flannels expending their energies with suitable young ladies in the approved British manner.

"Your serve, Mavis." "Jolly well played, old girl!" The muted middle-class accents came floating out of the

past through the jerky chords of the afternoon exercise music.

The Chinese officials who have already stacked their chairs in a corner of the Consular offices were huffing and puffing among the weeds. A cadre leader kept them at their devotions.

"Swing the arms out and bend the trunk down. Swing the hips left and swing the hips right."

The battle hymn of the new, antiseptic China blotted out the busy babble of the birds and bees.

The radio announcer chanted on, the officials jerked in unison. Then the music stopped. The bureaucrats trooped back inside fresh and eager for their unknown tasks.

"You should have seen the place in the old days." The caretaker sighed at all the desolation. "I waited for some unflattering comparison with the present. But not there was nothing more to say."

★

(continued)

POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

THE EERIE STORY OF THE WOMEN WHO 'STEPPED BACK THROUGH TIME'

Did Miss Annie Meet the Dead
—or Has She Been Fooling Us?

ROBERT PITMAN on BOOKS

Is it possible for two staid and unemotional ladies on a summer's afternoon to find themselves walking and talking with the dead?

The question is not so extravagant as it sounds. For—in the view of many

thoughtful people, such as J. B. Priestley and the late Dr. Joad—that is precisely what happened to Miss Annie Moberly and Miss Eleanor Jourdain on an August afternoon near Paris in 1901.

Miss Moberly, head of an Oxford women's college, and Miss Jourdain, who later succeeded her, were looking for Marie Antoinette's country house at Versailles.

Suddenly, in the prettily wooded parkland, they lost their way.

They could see no other sight-saving groups and over each of them crept a strange sensation of depression.

The breeze stopped blowing. Everything was unnaturally still and lonely. The trees and buildings took on a flat appearance.

To find the way they spoke to two men standing by a wheelbarrow. To their later amazement they saw that the men were wearing three-cornered hats and long green coats.

INSISTENCE

Near an ornamental garden building they came upon an oval-faced man wearing a weird enough—a slouch hat and cloak. Then they heard someone hurrying behind them. It was a man in buckled shoes with cloak billowing from his shoulders. His face was red with effort. "Go to the house," he insisted. "As in a dream they went the way he had pointed, across a rustic bridge by a cascade of water. At the house itself—Marie Antoinette's house—a youth came through a door on to the terrace and, with a smirk, offered to take them to the front entrance.

There at last, as they joined fellow sight-seers, the feeling of depression fell from them. For a week these two ladies did not mention the episode. Then they began to ask each other whether the place was haunted.

They met some frightening problems. They learned that neither rustic bridge nor cascade were to be found in the real world of 1901. There was no ornamental building like the one where they had seen the slouch-hatted man. And the smiling

boy had come out of a doorway which they heard to their dismay—had been bolted and disused for years.

Then from old documents they discovered that bridge, cascade, and little building had all in fact existed at the time of the French Revolution. They learned too that in 1789 a messenger had hurried to warn Marie Antoinette about the approaching mob—a messenger who insisted urgently that she should go to the house while he fetched her carriage.

Perhaps he too wore a cloak like the man who had hurried up to them?

DEAD WORLD

The two ladies came to an inevitable conclusion. Not only had they met dead people in a dead world. They had entered into the mind of the dead—of Marie Antoinette herself.

Their conclusion has been widely accepted. And it is easy to see why. These were not two scatter-brained women blurring out a wild fiction. They were scholars. And their factual, dead-pan narratives are as unromantic as the jottings in a policeman's notebook.

These narratives, under the title *AN ADVENTURE*, have now received their fifth edition—with a fine flourish of footnotes and maps—from a scholar, Dr. Joan Evans. (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Yet against Dr. Evans and Mr. Priestley and the other modern champions of Miss Moberly some well-honed challengers now enter.

And, though I hate to see a good story cut to pieces, I believe that the challengers are winning the fight.

THE INTERVAL

They are led by Professor Anthony Flew, who has shown that the accounts printed in *AN ADVENTURE* were probably written by the two ladies at least a year after their experience.

Even their earliest version was penned after an interval of 15 weeks—an interval occupied by mutual talk and research. And in this first version the mysterious door was not even mentioned. Nor were the buckled shoes. Such details crept in later.

Other questions have been asked. Why did these two intelligent women, after meeting a series of gentlemen in eighteenth-century costume, wait a week before it occurred to them to mention the fact? And why should they start searching for originals in eighteenth-century records instead of going to see whether any people like them existed at Versailles in 1901?

STRANGE VOICES

But the main prop to the story is the chief witnesses. And that prop is knocked clean away by the fact that this description does not fit Miss Moberly at all. Brought up in an age when there were no exams for women, she had one main qualification for a college post; her father had been a bishop.

And so far from being a dry and bookish don, Anne Moberly had been reporting visions since early childhood.

Even at the age of five little Annie had heard strange voices from the sky. And later she specialised in visions which could be checked against historical documents—notably in visions about royalty.

Once, for example, she met the Emperor Constantine on the stairs at the Louvre. She knew it was Constantine because he wore a toga and a crown, and documents proved he had used a road where the Louvre now stands.

A CLUE...

One problem remains. We can see how the impressionable Miss Moberly managed to sweep herself and generations of wise folk after her into a supernatural *Piltdown*. But how did she sweep along her companion too?

Dr. Evans's new edition provides a clue. It shows portraits of the two ladies; Miss Jourdain, meek and shy—Miss Moberly, strong-jawed, dominating. Was Miss Moberly able, without words, to impress her exact thoughts on her friend?

If so, *AN ADVENTURE* is disturbing, not for its doubtful supernatural evidence, but for the eerie light it sheds over the lives of these two long-dead women.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

JUST ROUND AND ROUND

Fifty-four years ago, a fathers to get their make-up for the new German firm looking forward to the future traffic jams of the future came up with an idea to lift a good thing the rumour did go buses and trams neatly off the streets.

It was called "monorail," and the basic idea was to suspend the cars from a single rail which could be (a) raised well above traffic and (b) semi-camouflaged so that it would involve as little unsightliness as possible.

The idea worked very well and the first railway was built. But, somehow, it never caught on. That first railway in the Ruhr Valley was also the last.

Maybe the reason was the cost—a cool £1,000,000 a mile. But that compares favourably with the nearly £4,000,000 a mile, which is the current estimate for building underground systems.

So, last week, the bustling, building city of Houston, Texas decided to try out the monorail. Houston has found that business is going to pot on its public transport system for the very simple reason that public transport moves through the traffic jams at something like a walking pace.

Their experimental model will go nowhere—just round and round an old city race track. But they figure that they will learn enough from it to set up a full scale monorail system.

ALARM IN BROOKLYN

There was justifiable alarm and concern in Brooklyn last week. The whole city was worked up to a fever pitch, because the Brooklyn Dodgers had announced that they would play seven of their home games next year in nearby Jersey City.

It was rather as though England had announced that, henceforth, half its Test matches with Australia and the West Indies would be played in Paris.

For, to a real Brooklynite, it is strictly not to be believed that anyone in Jersey City knows anything about baseball.

Furthermore, the Dodgers are a prized private possession. True, they have never won a world series, though they are nearly always close. But that is part of their charm.

But the Dodgers' owners (baseball teams are businesses, like steel mills, only more profitable) are shrewd businessmen. And tired old Ebbets Field with its ancient grandstand just wasn't drawing the crowds.

Somebody put out the rumour, though, that the announcement was just part of a pressure

campaign against the city fathers to get their make-up for the new German firm looking forward to the future traffic jams of the future came up with an idea to lift a good thing the rumour did go buses and trams neatly off the streets.

Otherwise President Eisenhower would almost certainly have had to hustle back from the low country—and pronto. A baseball fracas in Brooklyn is a real state of emergency.

CAN FISH REMEMBER?

Japanese fishery experts have been asked whether fish have memories, and they don't know what to say. Their reply will influence a heavy claim for compensation by the fishermen of Tokyo Bay against the U.S. security forces.

Until recently, the U.S. forces maintained anti-submarine nets across the mouth of the bay. They were induced to remove them, following angry complaints by the fishermen that the nets kept the fish away.

But all the fishermen can't catch any fish, and they are now arguing that the fish remember that the nets were once there and are keeping away from Tokyo Bay.

The U.S. military authorities are resisting the compensation claim, insisting that the fish couldn't possibly remember the nets, and that anyway there are so many new fish continually arriving in Japanese coastal waters that the fishermen's theory involves acceptance of the existence of a pretty efficient system of piscatorial communication.

ACME OF CONTENT

There are only about 320 people in the Devon hamlet of East Worlton, but no special life in the meantime. All because everyone was so happy and contented.

Just because they were all so contented living here in the valley of the River Dart, under the shadow of the spire of the 12th century church, six of the seven members of the parish council forgot to submit their election nomination papers.

Result—social life has come to a standstill because there is no council to authorise the letting of the parish hall, so there can be no social drives, dances and get-togethers.

There was little enough to do in the picture-postcard hamlet before this happened—now there's absolutely nothing.

IT'S AN ORDER

By city ordinance, no cock shall henceforth be allowed to crow on the North Sea island of Norderney, from nightfall to eight o'clock in the morning. Norderney is one of the

favorite bathing resorts of the Federal German Republic.

The ban is dictated by the desire of assuring restful and quiet nights for holiday-seekers. The problem is how to induce the cock to refrain from crowing at the first sign of dawn.

COMPULSORY READING

Shakespeare is still the most popular character in foreign fiction translated and published in the Soviet Union, according to Aerial Conn Doyle, son of the famous author, who hopes to collect royalties owing him.

Some of the Holmes stories are compulsory reading for the Red Army on the grounds that they help develop powers of observation and deduction.

CHANGE OF LUCK

Malay Chinese farmer Mah Kes Swee, 69, beamed joyfully as his chance collapsed when British Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd (6ft. 4in., 200 lb.) sat down.

Said Swee to the Colonial Secretary, who had dropped in while inspecting a squatters' settlement: "I think this is a good omen that I will win the national lottery (£36,000); now my luck is bound to change."

FREE FOR ALL

One man killed, six severely wounded and hundreds lightly injured were among the casualties marking the opening day of Italy's shooting season. Some 850,000 Italians, equipped with every variety of firearm, blazed away at anything in fur and feather, including hedgerow birds.

Courtesy
In City
Of Angels

By Michael Ruddy

Los Angeles.

ARE "they" brusque

A when answering your

telephone enquiry? Do

"they" annoy you if you ask

a simple question? Do

"they" keep you waiting

uncivilly when you visit

municipal offices, and are

"they" courteous when you

are stopped for speeding?

If your answers to the above questions are that "they" are indeed always discourteous, then the Los Angeles Civil Service Commission will agree with you. So much so that the Commission has just approved plans for a "courtesy school" where the troublesome "they" whom we all know will learn better manners.

More than 18,000 Angelenos will take the 10-hour course which will also be attended by department managers and by members of the Police and Fire Departments. The course in courtesy is compulsory.

Public Relations

It is hoped the results will please the populace who have complained to the Mayor and department heads during the past three years.

Employees generally will be taught basic public relations, with emphasis on office courtesy, telephone courtesy and the handling of difficult situations.

Guidance will be given in matters of courtesy such as rising to receive visitors, asking them to be seated, never keeping them waiting and thanking them when they leave.

Visitors to city offices will be asked if "they" mind the employees smoking, and if no objection is made, callers will be offered cigarettes.

The course will indicate to city employees that it is discourteous to put feet on the desks, to put on make-up in public, or to chew gum ostentatiously.

Many business firms in Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills, and particularly in the movie, radio and television industries—now have similar courses in common courtesy.

In fact, visitors from Britain invariably comment on the courtesy and consideration they receive in Southern California.

Coffee Break

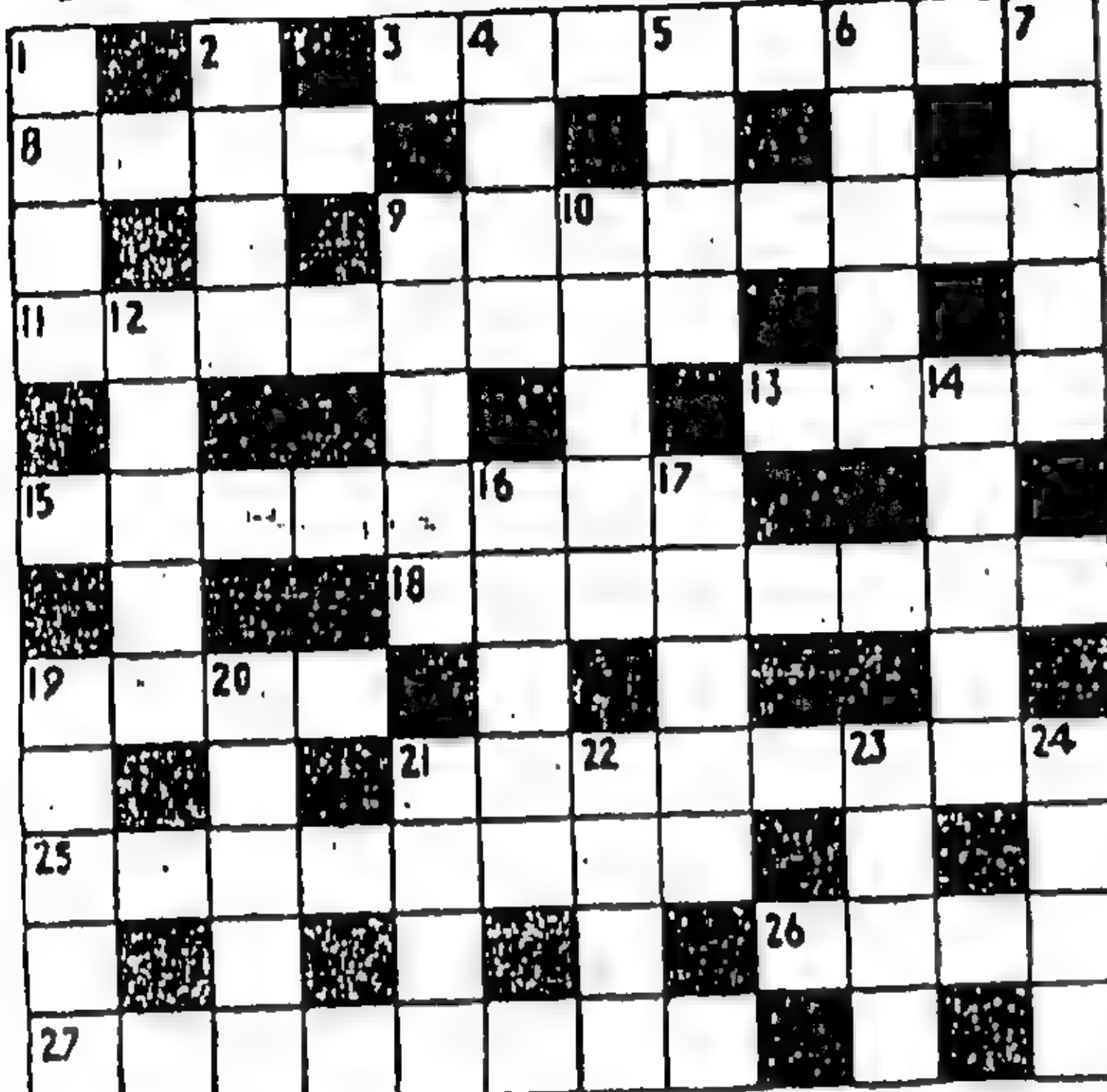
It is hoped, too, by the City elders that another problem will be solved by the compulsory course at the charm school, e.g., the coffee break.

Equivalent to the British morning and afternoon tea break, in Southern California it has degenerated into 30 minutes in the morning and 30 minutes in the afternoon.

This is a basic discourtesy that will be pointed out with, it is hoped, telling effect.

Finally, I am pleased to report that among the more courteous and efficient offices in Los Angeles are the British Consulate-General and the British Travel Association.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- 3 Takes for granted (8).
 - 8 Eager (4).
 - 9 Made up (8).
 - 11 Lull (4).
 - 13 Metal (4).
 - 15 Kind of syrup (8).
 - 18 Choosing by vote (8).
 - 19 Take notice (4).
 - 21 Shells (8).
 - 25 Remodels (8).
 - 26 Trick (4).
 - 27 Silt (8).

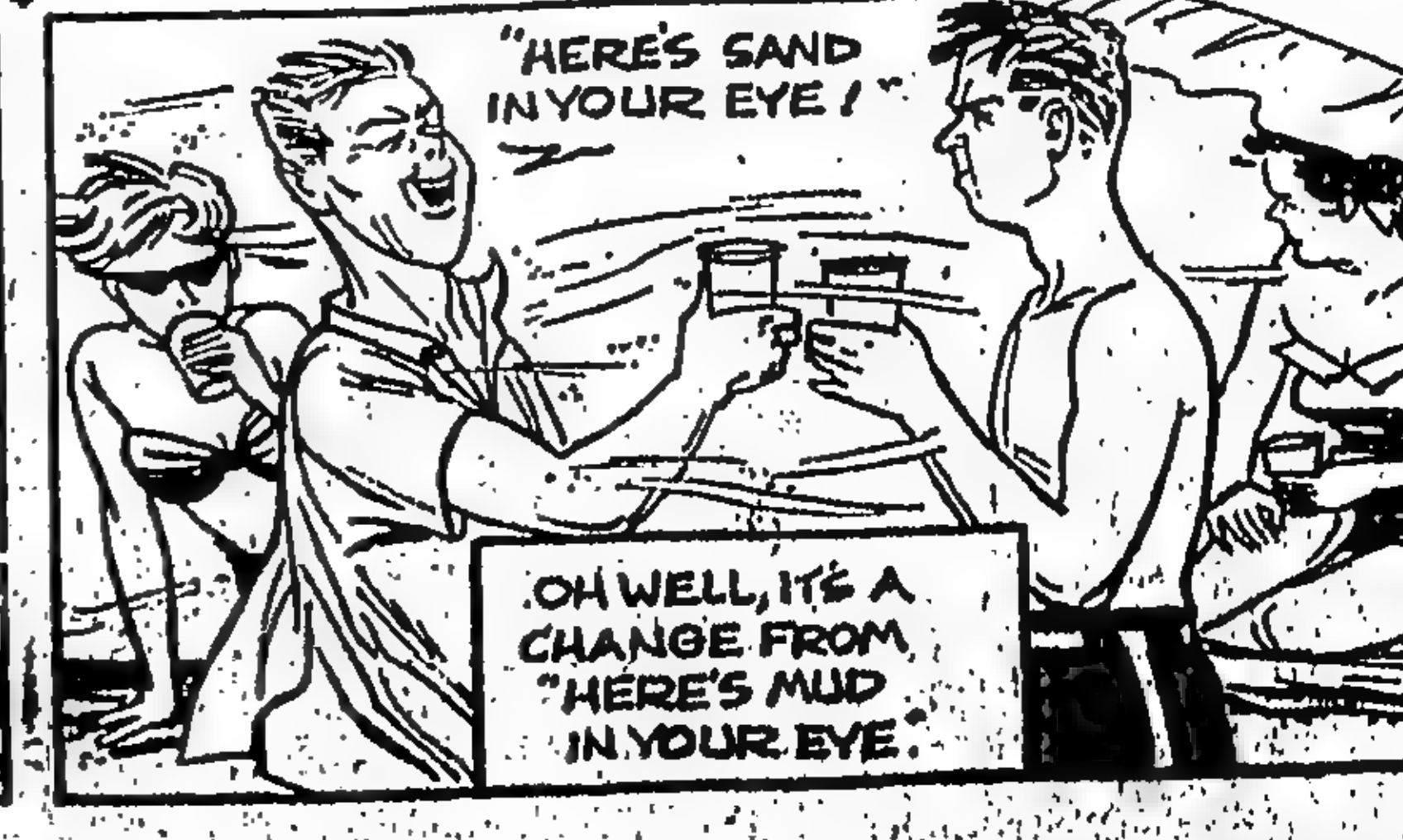
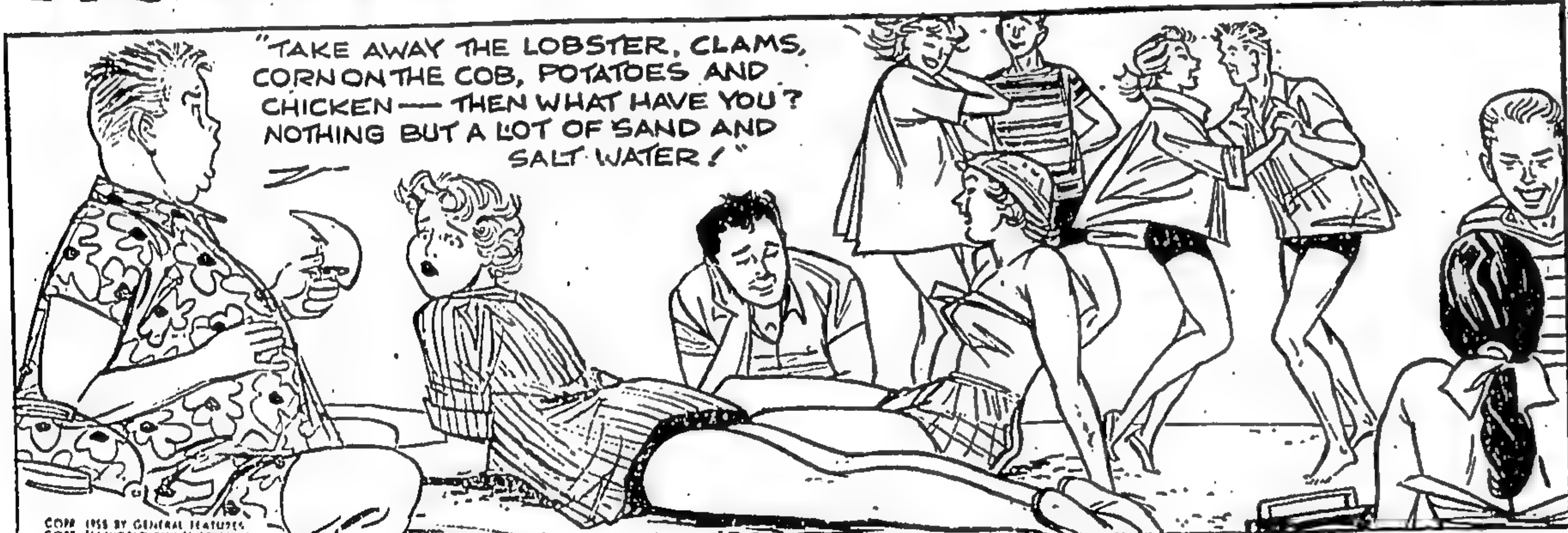
- DOWN
- 1 Narrative (4).
 - 2 Bird (4).
 - 3 Basis (4).
 - 4 Weakens (4).
 - 5 Skintint (5).
 - 6 Carrying chair (5).
 - 7 Being about (5).
 - 8 Centred light (5).
 - 10 Smeared (5).
 - 12 Slick (5).
 - 14 Possessed (5).
 - 16 Vessel (5).
 - 17 Blacklegs (5).
 - 19 Enigmas (5).
 - 20 Relieved (5).
 - 22 Soothing ointment (4).
 - 23 Intend (4).
 - 24 Disorderly flight (4).
 - 25 Stalk (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Frocks, 4 Gowns, 7 Obdurate, 8 Adult, 9 Stolid, 11 Enervate, 12 Repent, 18 Litter, 19 Retainer, 20 Thaw, 21 Derive, Down: 1 Fools, 2 Cruel, 3 Slender, 4 Grown, 5 Remature, 6 Suted, 10 Overture, 12 Merited, 13 Pullet, 14 Avenue, 16 1 hour, 17 Tense.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Beach Party

BY HARRY WEINERT





Sports Diary

TODAY

First Division: PRC v KCC; KBCG v IRC "B"; IRC "G" v FC.
Second Division: PRC v KDC; USRC v HKFC; Talkoo v CCC; USRC v HKFC; PRC v KCC; PRC v KBCG; Filipino Club v HKERC; USRC v KDC.

Football: Team v Overseas Chinese at King's Park 6 p.m.

Swimming: Colony Swimming Championships semi-finals at European YMCA commencing at 8 p.m.

WEEK-END BOWLS

THE SECOND DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE DECIDED TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

The Hongkong 1955 Lawn Bowls League season practically comes to its close this afternoon when the Second Division League winners will be decided.

Twelve more matches — seven in the First Division, one in the Second Division and four in the Third Division — still remain to be played after today's games, but the results will be of little significance except for the three First Division teams — IRC "Gold", Recreio "Whites" and Filipino Club — who will have still to fight hard to avert relegation into the Second Division.

In this connection regrets must be expressed for the way in which postponed matches were allowed to accumulate. Postponements can have an important bearing, as in the present race to avoid relegation, for it is almost a fact that it is much easier to obtain points at the end of the season when interest is already waning than when the season is in full swing.

Two teams will fight out this afternoon the right to be this season's Second Division

Champions—Talkoo and Kowloon Docks.

As prominently involved also will be their respective opponents, Craigengower Cricket Club and Police Recreation Club.

The custodians of the law, however, may not be able to offer much opposition to the Kowloon dockmen, who are expected to collect full points from their last match of the season to bring up their total number of points to 58.

Whether Talkoo will be able to emerge as the Division Champions will rest on their ability

to collect at least three points from Craigengower on their home green.

The Valley club gained a 4-1 decision in the first round encounter, but Talkoo then were without one of their stalwarts, W. S. MacHardy, and Craigengower were at full strength.

Craigengower are a slightly weakened team this afternoon but must be complimented for their attitude of playing fair to both the contending teams in fielding almost the same team in both their matches against the two docks.

Indications are that Talkoo will take at least four points this afternoon to win the League. Although the first Division Title has already been won by the Recreio "Blues" there will be no lack of interest in the First Division games which will feature the tussle between Craigengower and Kowloon Cricket Club for the runners-up position.

Both have fairly easy opponents in Police Recreation Club and Filipino Club in their remaining matches of the season and the runners-up berth should go to either team who can come out the winners by a 4-1 margin this afternoon.

The Kowloonites have made at least two changes in their line-up since they went down unexpectedly last week to IRC "Gold". Tommy Baker comes back as skip in one of the rinks, and Jack Chubb makes a welcome return to the team as No. 2 to Hong Sing.

It should be an extremely close and interesting game with the odds in favour of Craigengower for a 4-1 victory.

RINKS SEMI-FINALS
Tomorrow will see the first semi-finals of the Colony Open Championships when four rinks will clash at Kowloon Dock for the right to appear in this year's Open Rinks final.

In the first semi-final the KCC four of D. C. Symons, S. Ramchand, G. Madar and F. R. Kernani will have Craigengower's A. V. Lopes, R. G. Laurel, E. R. Rossetti, and C. R. Rossetti as their opponents.

The Craigengower four gained by far the more impressive victory in their last round, but were fortunate to find their No. 3 and skip in one of their best days.

The KCC combination have slightly the better teamwork and drawing power and unless skip Rossetti has another successful afternoon with his heavy shots, the odds are slightly in favour of the KCC four entering the final.

In the other semi-final match, the KBCG First Division four of E. J. Liddell, T. Kavanagh, P. Hughes and Jack McKelvie are on paper a much more formidable combination than opposing L. Silva, G. Santos, R. Tay and P. K. Lau of Craigengower, all of whom have been playing in the Second Division this season.

On performance, however, the Craigengower bowlers have been showing consistent brilliant form and may be able to pull off another surprise if they can reproduce the same form that took them past such a strong rink as Recreio's A. P. Pereira, S. E. Souza, C. C. Pereira and C. F. Passos.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recreio "Whites" v. PRC
CCC v. KCC
KBCG v. IRC "B"
IRC "G" v. FC

Second Division
Recreio "Blues" (bye)
PRC v. KDC
USRC v. HKFC
FC v. HKFC
TC v. CCC
KCC (bye)

Third Division
PCC v. KCC
PRC v. KBCG
FC v. HKERC
USRC v. KDC
HKFC (bye)

Skip Tables See Page 17

FINALISTS



Heat Two winners in the Women's 440 Yards Free Style event — Misses Kwok Ngan-hung (right) and Chan Sin-ye — pictured immediately after their swim at the European YMCA pool last night. Miss Kwok who was first returned 6 mins 47.5 secs. — China Mail Photo.

Russian Stars Dance Their Way To Football Success

By NIKOLAI GULYEV

(Chief coach of Spartak and former Russian international half-back)

The Russian football world called Spartak the team of neveroyatnos—incredibles—when they heard we were teaching our players ballroom dancing, ballet dancing, and the Russian Cossack dancing.

It was all part of our plan to make the players match their brains with their feet, to have to concentrate on their foot and body movements.

We wanted all the intricate moves of feet and body to become a natural part of football. Now most other teams follow this system.

We thought of this way of football after we had studied the movements and methods of Stanley Matthews, whom we consider to be the greatest footballer in the world.

An important principle of our training is to take from track and field athletics everything that is helpful, and apply it to the game of football.

We have high jumping because a man must jump high for the ball.

We have long jumping because a man may have to leap to check a ball.

We have hurdling because it teaches a man to manoeuvre his body quickly, and it sharpens his concentration.

Sprinting is our main theme—a quick, sure start, moving into

top speed, and maintaining pace in 10, 15, and 20-yard bursts. In our training we signal for sharp, short sprints, 20 or 30 times. The signal is not expected, so the men learn to respond immediately, and have the habit of quick movement in the field.

USE THE BALL

We do our stamina work with the ball. You see, the heavy work is lightened by the man doing something to occupy his brain.

Because our players work, or are students, we have to practise in the evenings. We take two hours.

The coaches and trainers do most of their work with individuals. This is of special importance for ball control. Each individual has a schedule of training and the things he does well, the things he does not so well, and the things he does badly, are recorded.

If a man is fast but his left foot is not good, then he goes with his own coach and all the work is on the left foot.

It is no use working on things a man does well, so we work to wear off the bad things.

All the players take their training home. We give them an individual programme which they must follow.

MEND FAULTS

If they don't mend their faults during a season, then it is obvious that they are not interested, and we cease to be interested in them.

Against Wolverhampton, you saw all our men move quickly and our men could manage the ball easily at any height and angle.

We run three teams of boys from 12 to 13 who are recommended to us. There are three teams of juniors from 10 to 15. And we have three senior teams.

All the teams have their coaches and the boys have the same facilities as the first team men.

If a main plan is to do all things as simply and quickly as possible and not to make a labour of football, but first of all a footballer must love his sport or he will never be able to reach the standard we try to set.

If I had to train the Wolves after I had seen them beaten 3-0 by us I think I would work on physical training to condition them harder, and a scheme to help them to manoeuvre the ball quickly.

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SPORTS QUIZ

- Where were the Olympic Games held in (a) 1936 (b) 1952 and (c) where are they to be held in 1960?
- What was Brooklands famous for?
- In what game is a shuttlecock used?
- In which game do "dukes" occur?
- In which game are balls with "bags" used?
- What names are given to (a) the South African Rugby Team and (b) the New Zealand Rugby team?
- Which of the following terms "no ball", "baffle", and "fault" do you connect with (a) tennis (b) cricket (c) golf?
- What do the following letters stand for? (a) R.V.S. (b) M.C.C. (c) A.F.A. (d) L.T.A. (e) L.G.U. (f) P.G.A. (g) L.B.W. (h) A.B.A.
- In which country did badminton originate?
- Who are (a) famous midgeting twins (b) famous table tennis champions? (Answers See Page 17)

Form grading



Floodlit Soccer Is Just A Bright Dream For The Future

Says DON REVIE

There is a move afoot to sell the paying customers the idea of an Anglo-Scottish Floodlit Soccer League. Sounds good enough, doesn't it? Clubs like Arsenal, Spurs, Manchester City and Newcastle United would play the Scottish crack teams, Hibernians, Hearts and Partick Thistle.

Originally, Glasgow Rangers were interested in this scheme, scheduled to start this season, but latest reports indicate they have dropped out. There is the wise decision.

British Soccer needs quality not quantity. That's why I say, on behalf of players and football fans "Scrap this idea at once." A scheme like this would simply clutter up an overcrowded League programme.

People should realise that one of the reasons our chaps look slow and sluggish compared with the Continentals, is that they have the fine edge of physical fitness taken off by a long League programme. Continental players have about 30 competitive matches in a season. Our players may chalk up 50 games, if you include Cup-ties, etc.

ZIP AND SPARKLE

No wonder the Continentals look like Derby winners. Our League programme forces British players to plod through snow, slush, mud and hail. Consequently they are like a Grand National entry—strong stayers but without that vital zip and sparkle.

These glamour games under the lights might pull in the public for a time—but only at the cost of League attendances.

Here are the points I have against this new League—

(1) Scottish players have no ceiling for wages. They could pull in £10, £15, £20 a game. English players would get no more than £2 bonus for a win or £1 for a draw. Not much incentive is there to go all out?

(2) Cut eyes are a danger in competitive football under the lights. Players going to head the ball, frequently lose sight of it in the glare.

(3) If a player is injured, and he is on a sliding wage rate, what compensation does he get? If he drops out of the first team through injury sustained in floodlit football, his wages may drop £3 a week—that's not much help to the wife and children. Players would need some form of guarantee against this sort of thing.

(4) Travelling to Scotland in mid-week could easily affect a player's form for the League match on Saturday. Last season my club, Manchester City, had a grand match under the lights in Glasgow against the Rangers.

It involved two days' travelling. On the Saturday we lost at home to Huddersfield Town. I may be wrong—but I thought we all were a little jaded when we met Huddersfield.

(5) A club supporter may be a football fanatic, but can he be expected to pay for mid-week football as well as for the League Soccer on Saturday? I say there is a limit to the amount of money people will put into the game.

Don't blame the clubs for trying to cash in on their floodlighting systems. But unless the League fixtures are reorganised, I think this Floodlit Soccer League is just a bright dream for the future. Under present conditions it wouldn't be fair to either fans or players.

PULLED MUSCLES

Have you noticed how many players are suffering from pulled muscles already? The hard grounds are chiefly to blame, although there is one other possible cause. Continental players don't seem to suffer this type of injury.

Maybe it is because they place the ball accurately to a man's feet so that he doesn't have to over-reach for it, nor try desperately to control it when on the turn. It is a thought worth pondering over—so many of our players pull a muscle trying to bring an awkward bouncing pass under control.

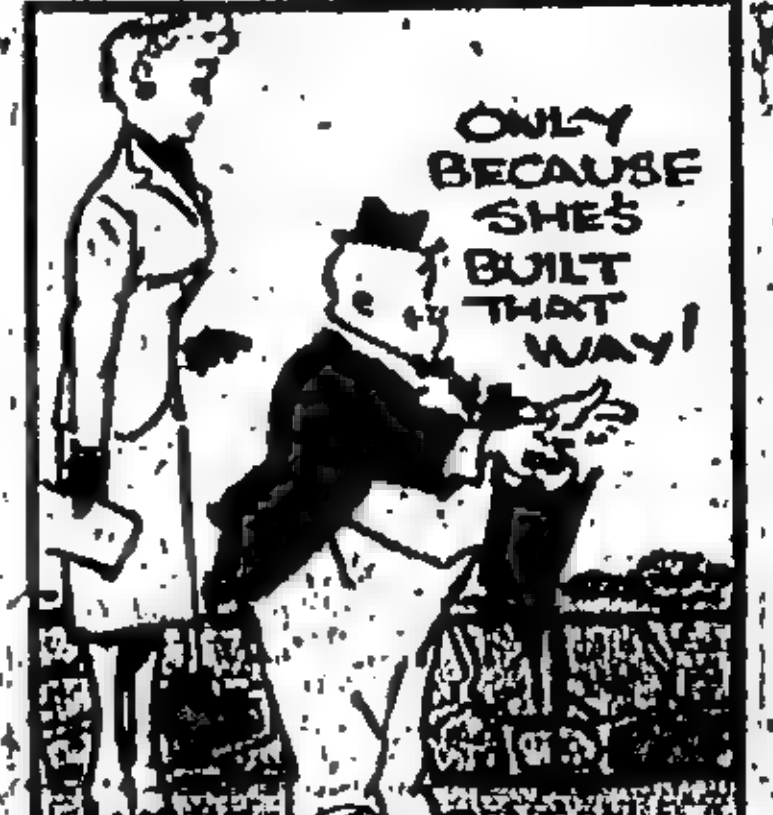
How many British players have the courage to wear the light-weight Continental boot on the present hard grounds? I fancy having a go myself, and I've even thought of leaving my shin guards in the dressing room, like the Continentals do.

But then I remember the stern teaching in our League Soccer—so I'm still wearing my old faithful British style boots! It is difficult to cast aside the habits of a lifetime. An answer to the question would be to encourage our schoolboys to play in these lighter boots from their earliest days.

TALKING POINT

Have you ever thought about the chatter which goes on be-

POP

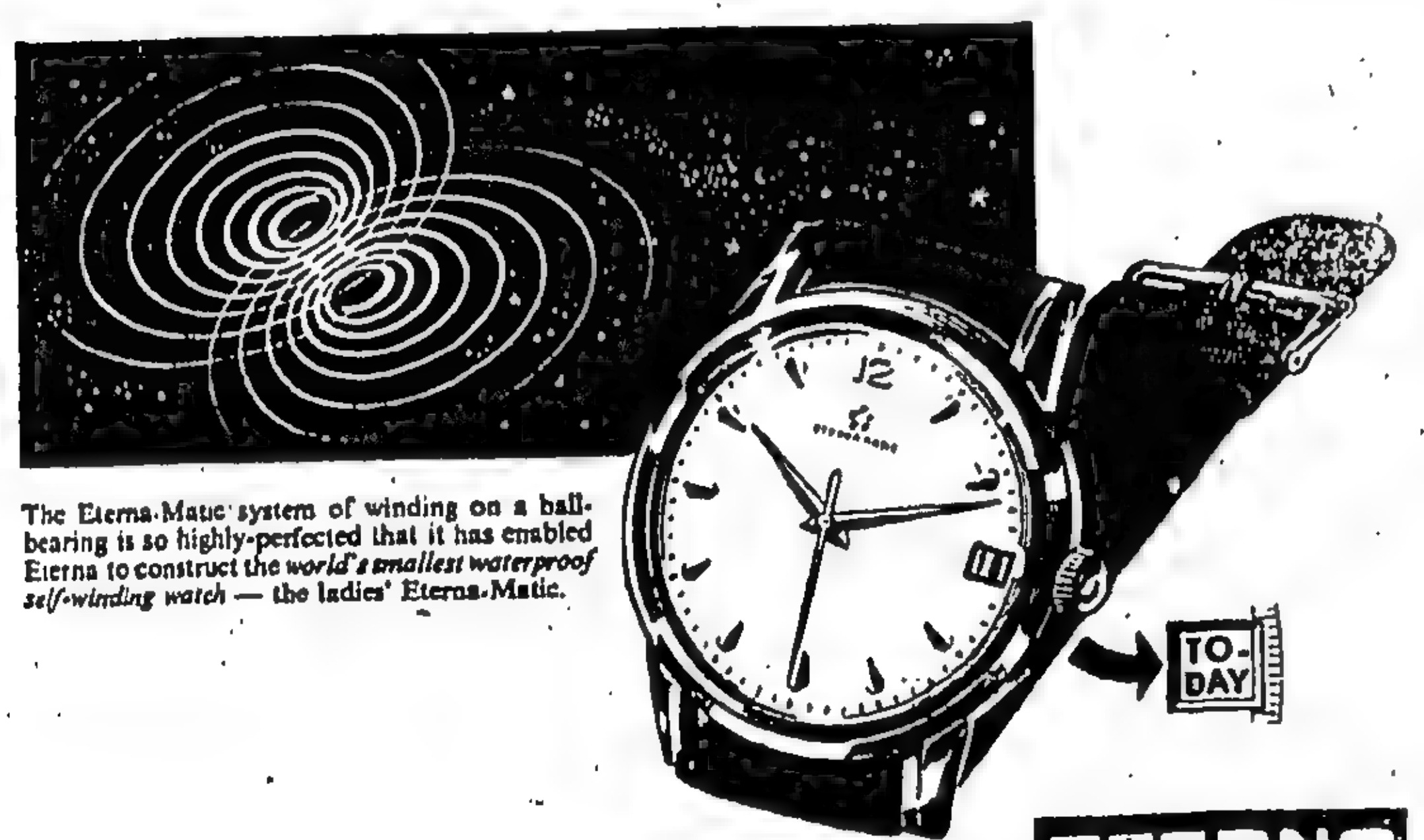


ETERNA-MATIC

DATO

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value — not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. • This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. • The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. • Better still, instead of wearing out — as a "staff" does — this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. • Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. • This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



The Eterna-Matic system of winding on a ball-bearing is so highly-perfected that it has enabled Eterna to construct the world's smallest waterproof self-winding watch — the ladies' Eterna-Matic.

ETERNA

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IN ALL MY CRICKET YEARS I HAVE NEVER YET MET A DISHONEST UMPIRE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

People who make me mad are those who come up to discuss a cricket game and then, after a while, slyly suggest that but for certain LBW decisions, the whole thing might have gone the other way. How on earth can they tell that? There's only one man on the whole field properly placed to decide an LBW, and that is the umpire. He is the only one who can see whether the ball is turning this way or that or whether it is too high.

So why not accept his word? As a kid I was brought up to believe that the acceptance of the umpire's verdict is part and parcel of the sportsmanship of the game. And I still think it is. It's good for the soul to KNOW you are not out. . . . that the umpire has made a mistake. . . . and yet be able to tuck your bat under your arm and walk to the pavilion without a single gesture of annoyance.

I can tell you this—in all my cricket years and my travels in strange places I have never yet met a dishonest umpire. I've met bad ones. Ones who have made mistakes. But never a dishonest one. And quite certainly I would rate the umpiring in England as the best in the world.

That's what makes me angry with the people who are now saying England were "lucky" to get through at the Oval, and who follow that up with dark hints about the four LBW decisions against the Springboks. They forget entirely that at Leeds there were six LBWs against England in one innings!

I have been through the Test cards for this series, and it might settle a lot of these arguments to report that in the two matches 19 England wickets went to LBW against 18 Spring-Lok wickets to the same decision.

SPLENDID SERIES
So I hope that the moaners who let this topic drop. It was a splendid series, the Springboks provided sparkling cricket which has made them many friends, and England deserved to win. Just! I say "deserved to win" because of the appalling injury to the selectors had to contend with.

Jim Anderson Is A Landmark At White Hart Lane

Jim Anderson is a landmark at White Hart Lane. Twenty-five years ago he joined Tottenham Hotspur as a player from a junior London amateur club. He was only a modest player, but he became a very good scout. Later he was appointed assistant manager, and as such has seen a succession of managers come and go.

Now with the breakdown of Arthur Rowe he has become manager and hopes to put Spurs back on the Championship standard. He has a job on his hands, for the brilliant eleven which put into operation the Rowe Plan of push and run and won the Second Division Championship in 1950 and the First Division Championship the two following years has disintegrated.

The latest departure is Alf Ramsey as manager of Ipswich. Tickle is with Brentford, Burgess with Swansea, Bennett with West Ham, Medley in Canada, Willis also with Swansea, Nicholson is club coach. In three short years only Ditchburn, Clarke and Billy Remond, Duquemin and Walters are in the Reserves.

Yet Mr Anderson remains an incurable optimist. "No club has a finer batch of young players, and most of them are legends, as usual," he told me. "I have half a dozen ready to step into the first team who have everything except experience."

ROWE'S STRATEGY

Commenting on the alleged Anderson Plan, Jim said there was nothing new about it. Three full backs, three halves and four forwards, he pointed out merely meant the old line-up of Arsenal in Herbert Chapman's days—a steeper centre-half between two full backs and

a roving, loose forward lying back as a connecting link between defence and attack. Then it was Alex James; now it is Eddie Bailey. Merely the style invented by Arsenal and copied by the Continentals. Jimmy Hogan's Hungarians first of all.

Mr Anderson told me that he intended to continue Arthur Rowe's strategy of developing attacks direct from the goal-keeper, with the short throw pass to the full back and so on up the field. "If we are in possession of the ball in short easy passes we must be attacking," he said. "The slogan will continue to be: 'Do it quickly, do it simply, do it accurately.'"

Inside left Eddie Bailey agrees that the Plan could succeed. "I am not getting any younger," he said, "but I think I can manage the old Alex James' role. After all, if I can get the long ball away quickly from a half-back position to my forwards it will save my poor old legs running about!"

against a background of sound technique.

And what I like about him, too, is the fact that he loves the other part of his game—the fielding. He must rate among the best cover-pointers in the game, and he throws as well as a baseball player. Younger players like Peter Richardson, Ken Barrington, Peter Samuels, Yorkshire's left-arm pace bowler, Cowan, and Alan Cokerham come into any considerations of good youngsters at the moment, and if there were a ballot for the best they would all poll heavily.

I suppose my team-mate Gamini Goonesena must also come into the field. After all, he is only 21. He was easily the first to complete the double this year, and he is one of the very few left-handers we see about the place these days.

SPECIAL GRANT
Incidentally Gamini, as we call him, was deeply touched to hear that his home government, in Ceylon, were so pleased by his performance in reaching the double first that they voted him a special grant to enable him to continue his studies at Cambridge. He wanted to do that much. Next season, I understand, he will be the Cambridge secretary and the following year, he should succeed to the captaincy.

I cannot recall any other cricketer from Ceylon achieving such an honour. All who play with Gamini wish him all the success his efforts have deserved. Few players have worked harder to reach the top flight.

News that Len Hutton's doctors have now diagnosed his recurring back trouble—they describe it as a prolapsed disc and propose a manipulative operation—has prompted many people to ask me if I think Len can make a come-back next season. Of course he can. If Len is freed from the pains that have been dragging him down for so long he has the technique to come back like a giant refreshed.

After all, Len is not unlike Jack Hobbs—a correct, careful, living player—and as Jack made nearly half his 197 centuries after he was 40 I reckon there must be quite a few left in the bag for Len.

What I like about Len is the way he has come straight out and said that he would be willing to fly under Peter May if he is fit enough and if he is wanted. No messing about. No embarrassment for May or the selectors. My bet is that Len will be propping up one end against Australia next summer with either Peter Richardson or Brian Close as his opening partner.

COACHING HINT:

I know what you club players are up to. The season is drawing to a close and you've dropped off your practice. I've seen it happen so often. I can't do better this week than to advise you to make the effort to get a couple of hours in, somewhere, five or six times a week, and concentration every bit as much now as you did at the beginning of the season. Don't cheat yourself.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Sidney Leverett
By ARCHIE QUICK

When the team of Royal Artillery stationed at Portsmouth in 1897 were sent away for special seaside training prior to an FA Amateur Cup tie they were all declared to have forfeited their amateur status and the professional club Portsmouth FC was born.

Two of the soldiers joined the Board of Directors—R. S. M. Windrum and Sergeant Bonney. A Naval diver, Sidney B. Leverett, later became unofficially connected with the club, and this same "Sid" Leverett is still a Director these 57 years later, having joined the Board in 1912.

Leverett is one of Soccer's outstanding characters, and one whose wise judgment is still relied upon by a Board who have of late suffered grievous losses through death. Leverett not only dispenses hospitality in the Boardroom but his long experience is a valuable asset at business meetings.

DELICATE MISSIONS.

"Sid" was an honorary scout for the club in their Southern League days when transfer fees were not necessary and poaching was the rule rather than the exception. Many delicate missions he performed, snatching players from more fashionable clubs and many the stories he has to tell of what befell him on those expeditions. He travelled thousands of miles, many at his own expense, quietly and unostentatiously, but, as he says: "It is better to leave the full story unsaid!"

Probably the scene of his greatest triumphs was in Scotland, and here today, and the Portsmouth club are held in higher respect than any other football organisation in the country. So much so that a Scottish League has gladly accepted a huge cup for competition. It is a link which is easily recognised when Portsmouth officials travel North of the Border.

They are made overwhelmingly welcome. Leverett laid the foundation of those friendships which have been so mutually beneficial. Portsmouth get players like Jackie Henderson, Scotland have players moulded for Leverett.

Leverett has outlived all his contemporaries of the 1912 era and before; indeed the only other Director with anything like his service is Stephen Cribb, who joined the Board in 1919. That, the senior Director is Vernon Stokes of 1937 vintage.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- (a) Berlin (b) Helsinki (c) Melbourne.
- Motor racing.
- Examination.
- Billiards.
- Bowls.
- (a) Springboks (b) All-Blacks.
- (a) fault (b) no ball (c) birdie.
- (a) Royal Yacht Squadron Club (b) Marylebone Cricket Club (c) Amateur Football Association (d) Lawn Tennis Association (e) Ladies' Golf Union (f) Professional Golfers Association (g) Leg Before Wicket (h) Amateur Boxing Association.
- India.
- (a) Alec and Eric Bedser (b) Diane and Rosalind Rowe.

London Express Service.
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SKIPS' TABLES

FIRST DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R. F. Liz (Rec. "B")	15	13	1	1	301	243	118	—	13½
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	15	11	—	4	316	273	43	—	11
C. E. Passos (Rec. "B")	12	10	—	1	274	185	89	—	10½
A. Harvey (KBGC)	14	9	—	5	268	243	55	—	9
A. E. Coates (CCC)	14	9	—	5	300	254	46	—	9
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	14	9	—	5	295	261	34	—	9
J. M. McKelvie (KBGC)	14	9	—	5	269	263	6	—	9
A. M. Omar (IRC "B")	13	8	—	4	264	211	73	—	8½
B. W. Bradbury (CCC)	14	8	—	5	302	254	48	—	8½
A. A. Lopes (Rec. "W")	14	8	—	5	285	263	22	—	8½
K. Bodle (PRC)	12	7	—	5	235	200¼	28¼	—	7
T. E. Baker (KCC)	12	6	—	5	257	227	30	—	6½
D. Phillips (KCC)	11	6	—	4	212	208	4	—	6½
A. H. Seemin (IRC "G")	13	6	—	7	276	261	15	—	6

SECOND DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
J. B. Baxter (TC)	14	12	—	2	322	235	87	—	12
J. H. Kinniburgh (TC)	15	11	—	3	329	254	75	—	11½
E. Greenwood (HKFC)	15	11	—	4	359	220	139	—	11
R. Gourlay (KDC)	15	11	—	4	326	234	92	—	11
W. B. Brown (TC)	15	10	—	5	341	272	69	—	10
A. E. Elliot (KDC)	15	10	—	5	320	282	47	—	10
D. Agnew (USRC)	15	10	—	5	304	283	21	—	10
W. M. McCall (KDC)	14	9	—	5	331	242	89	—	9
F. D. Angus (HKFC)	15	9	—	6	292	292	—	—	9
K. K. Lau (CCC)	10	8	—	1	237	181	56	—	8½
W. J. Howard (KCC)	15	8	—	7	312	270	42	—	8
B. J. Bleford (HKFC)	14	8	—	6	296	257	39	—	8
J. Leonard (CCC)	12	8	—	4	240	219	30	—	8
K. Forrow (HKFC)	15	8	—	7	200	278	12	—	8
R. Hetherington (USRC)	15	7	—	7	304	304	—	—	7½

THIRD DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R. Lapsley (KDC)	14	12	—	1	361	195	160	—	12½
J. McKilrick (KDC)	13	10	—	2	312	218	94	—	10½
A. G. Gardner (HKFC)	14	10	—	3	323	246	77	—	10½
R. Rosen (POC)	15	10	—	5	333	284	49	—	10
F. A. V. Ribeiro (FC)	13	9	—	3	296	244	52	—	9½
W. C. Higgins (POC)	15	9	—	6	314	306	8	—	9
L. J. McTavish (POC)	14	8	—	6	311	243	68	—	8
H. Shields (HKFC)	10	7	—	2	313	337	—	—	8
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	14	7	—	7	276	252	24	—	7½
C. E. Terry (KBGC)	15	7	—	7	296	298	—	—	7½
A. Hutton (KBGC)	14	7	—	6	276	286	—	—	7½
M. N. Rakusen (HKFC)	10	7	—	0	340	292	48	—	7
A. Ribeiro (FC)	11	7	—	0	243	212	31	—	7
E. Champelovier (KCC)	14	7	—	7	268	301	—	—	7

Champion McAteer Gets Empire Title Date

By HARRY CARPENTER

Pat McAteer, handsome holder of the British and Empire Middleweight boxing titles, has settled one fighting date and cancelled another. . . .

McAteer has agreed to defend the Empire title, after much back-stage squabbling, against South African Champion Mike Holt in Johannesburg on October 8.

Mining engineer McAteer will fly out there on September 14. By then, a six-week ban on fighting, imposed by his doctor, will have ended.

The ban, result of a stubborn left-hand injury still unhealed after nearly five months, will stop McAteer's proposed fight against Germany's Franz Szuizna at Belle Vue, Manchester today.

CAREER IN DANGER

X-rays show that a fractured knuckle, sustained during the fight with Heinz Sanger last March, has not mended. McAteer has been told that to keep the September Manchester date might endanger his career.

Meanwhile, Belle Vue officials are frantically searching for a substitute top-line fight. One suggestion was that Artie Towne, the hard-hitting New York Negro Middleweight, who stopped Johnny Sullivan in 43 seconds at Liverpool should go in with former British Cruiserweight Champion, Alex Buxton.

But Buxton's manager, Jim Wicks, says: "Why should we? We have an offer to take Sullivan's place against Peter Mueller in Berlin on September 9. We'd rather accept that."

The recent death of George Dingloy, manager of Sullivan,

was a shock to the boxing world, although he had been ill for a long time. He collapsed at the Liverpool Stadium.

Dingloy managed many Champions, including the never-to-be-forgotten Flyweight Champion Benny Lynch.

Teddy Peckham, the Bournemouth, Featherweight, took only 2min. 15sec. to beat John Kelly (Belfast), the former British and European Bantamweight Champion, at the Ulster Hall, Belfast.

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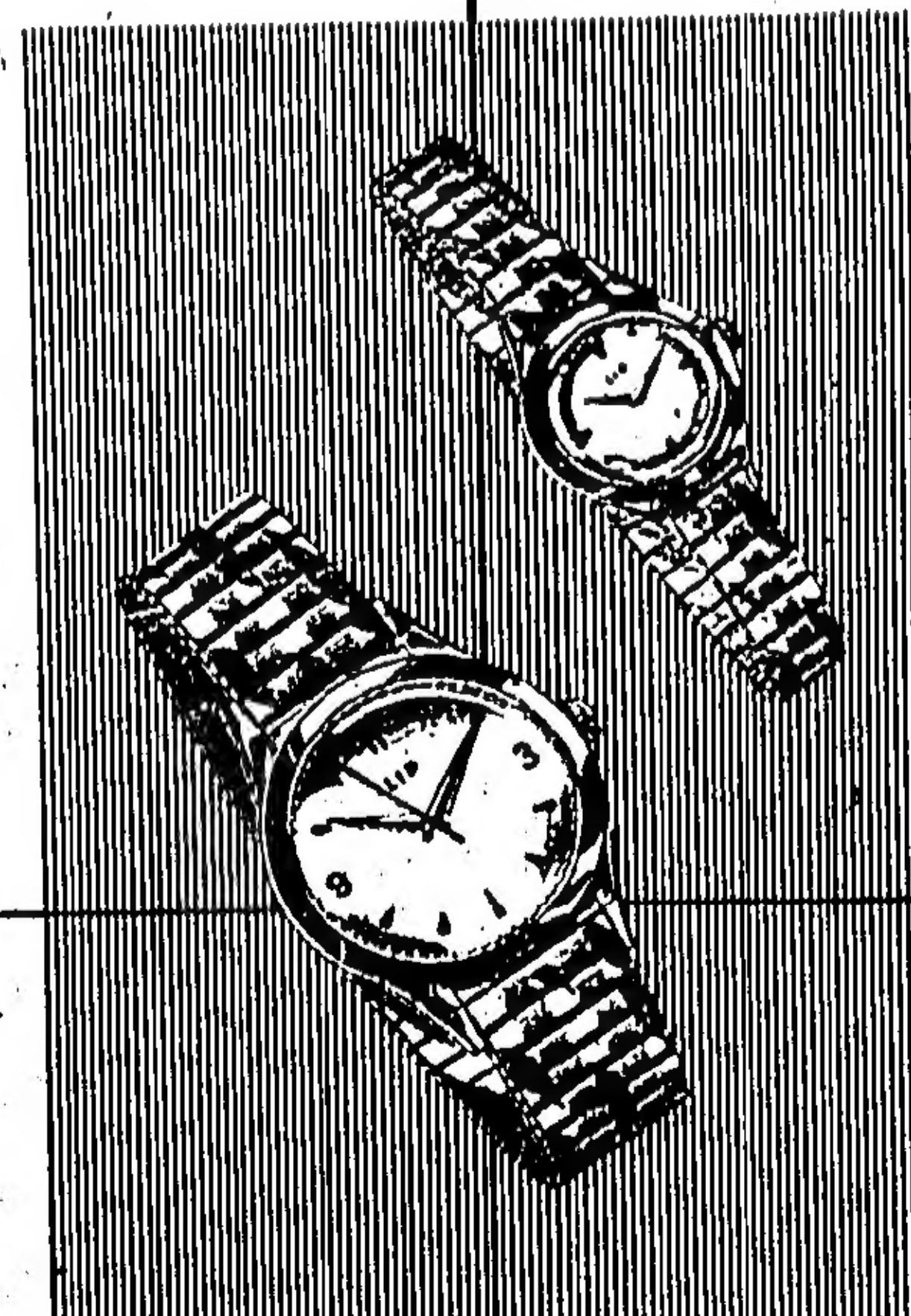
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

I LOVE SATURDAY MORNINGS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO WORK

IT WOULD BE HEAVEN TO HAVE MY BREAKFAST IN BED

STAY THERE, DEAR AND I'LL GET IT FOR YOU

HUMMM - THERE'S NO HURRY

BUT WHO'S GOING TO COOK MY BREAKFAST?

NOW DON'T GET INTO MISCHIEF WHILE I'M OUT

YOU TREAT ME LIKE A CHILD

I'll raid the larder - that's what I'll do - but I'm not hungry

I'll have a big bet - but I'll be Sunday - I'll go to the club and play day

I can't think of any mischief to get into - I can't be getting old

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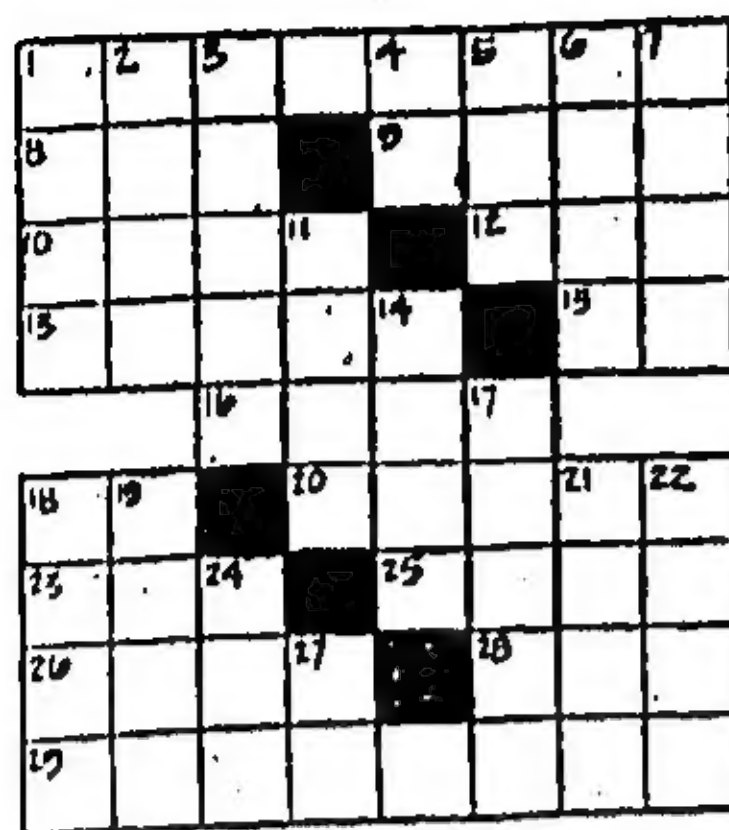
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Capital of Virginia
- 2 Man's name
- 3 Great Lake
- 4 Withered
- 5 Note in Guido's scale
- 6 Compound ether
- 7 Comparative suffix
- 8 Dear truck
- 9 Pint (abbr.)
- 10 Painful spots
- 11 Unit of energy
- 12 Ocean current
- 13 Ship of Columbus
- 14 Golf mound
- 15 Virginia is one of the states

DOWN

- 1 Get up
- 2 Angers
- 3 Small wagons
- 4 Pronoun
- 5 Native metal
- 6 Egyptian river
- 7 Darling
- 8 Lampreys
- 9 Plant part
- 10 Blackberry
- 11 Writing tools
- 12 Group of three
- 13 German river
- 14 Observed
- 15 African antelope
- 16 Preposition

DIAMOND

Virginia is famous for colonial CULTURE and the Puzzlemans have chosen that as the centre of his diamond. The second word is "a genus of rodents"; third "a Mediterranean island"; fifth "to check growth"; and sixth "craft". Can you finish the triangle?

C
U
L
T
U
R
E

VIRGINIA MIX-UPS

Four important facts about Virginia are in these strange lines and your job is to rearrange the letters to find them: HOT RACE TEST IS 1515; HOG GUESSES FUR SOB; CROP BOAT CURE COD; GREET'S TEND IS HIP

SCRAMBLE-GRAM

Here's a jumbled sentence about Virginia for you to straighten out: settled in 1607, state the Colonists in the Elizabeth. Queen, first Virginia naming Jamestown for Virgin

BEHEADINGS

Behead "a map" and have "a stag"; behead this and have "craft"; and behead this for an abbreviation for "right."

HOW MANY WORDS?

How many five-letter words can you make from the letters A E C R S? Use all five letters in each word you make. (Solutions on Page 20)

Here Are Some Nice Gifts You Can Make

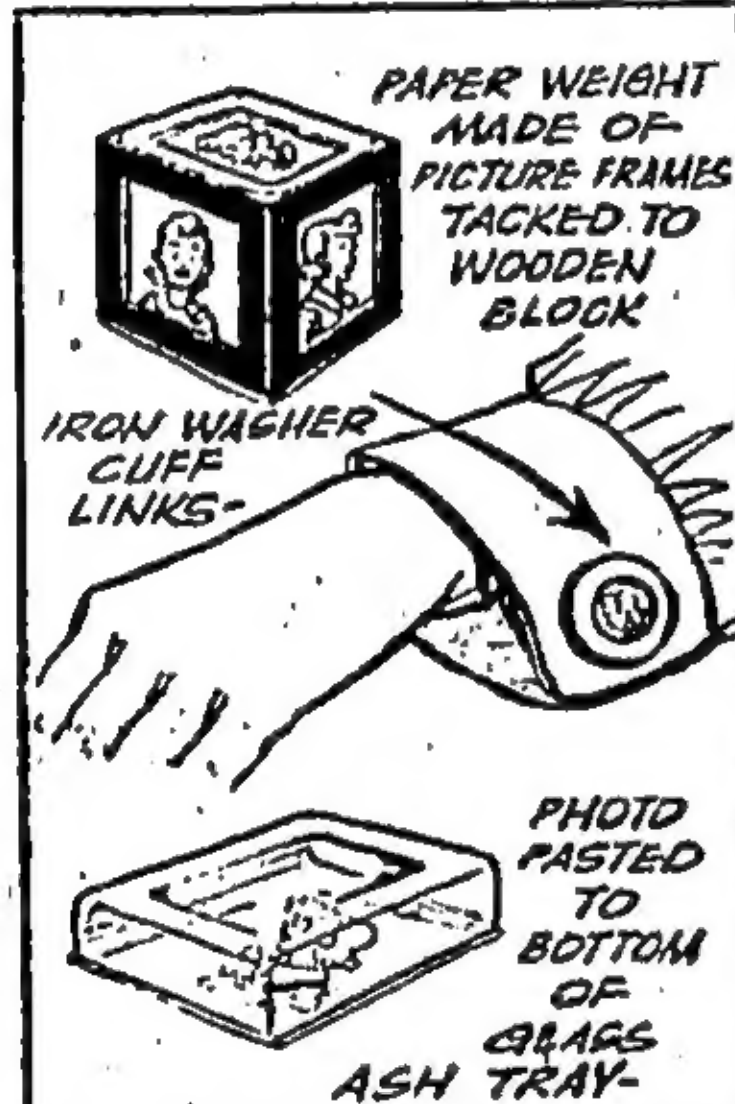
By BESS RITTER

ONE of the nicest gifts you can give a loved relative or friend can't be purchased at the stores, because it consists of photographs of yourself, your family and, perhaps, your pets. They may be enhanced considerably, however, by setting them in easily constructed home-handicrafted objects, such as a paperweight or an attractive piece of jewellery, or using them to dress up simple ash trays.

To create the paperweight, use five matching frames, approximately four inches square. Insert your own pictures. Then tack the frames to a four-inch-square cube of wood, cut from scrap lumber, so that the pictures completely conceal the block itself. Cover the remaining exposed side with a square of green felt, since this is the portion of the wood that will rest upon a desk.

Pretty pins and cuff links can be created from photographs in combination with inexpensive wrought steel washers. To make a pin, for example, select a pair of washers that are twin-sized in outside diameter. One, however, should have a very wide opening, and serve as a frame. The other's aperture should be as small as possible, since this will be the back.

Paint the metal pieces, then sandwich your picture in between.



It should be protected with thin plastic. Or, as a substitute, paste wide transparent Scotch tape right over the picture. Glue a brooch-type pin to the back, and it's finished. Cuff links and earrings can be made the same way.

To decorate the ash trays, all you do is this: Select a type of tray that is made from colourless glass, and has an unornamented bottom that is quite transparent. Paste a piece of felt over this, after slipping your photo between it and the glass, so that the picture can now be viewed right through it.

You might finish your work by gluing a little figurine to the edge of the tray. This would suggest the picture. That is, if the photo is of your dog or cat, a pussy or a puppy would be appropriate as a figurine, and so forth.

MEET MAMMUT, THE MIGHTY MASTODON

HIS name was "Mammut Americanus." He lived about 15,000 years ago. His bones, or at least a large number of them, are on display in a college museum.

If you want to make a riddle of it, the next question might be, "What was he?"

The bones show him to be a mastodon, a kind of prehistoric elephant which roamed the American continent during the Ice Age.

★ ★ ★

Mammut's skeleton was found by a farmer while he was ploughing a field in Brighton, Ohio, about 50 years ago — and since then the bones have rested in a large, trunk-like box in the geology museum where they are used for class demonstrations.

A former geology professor of the college directed the excavation of the bones back in 1906. He recalls that, "We had to dig about five or six feet before we



Standing, left to right: A student, Mammut's leg bone, Prof. Floyd R. Nave of Wittenberg College, another student. In foreground are the animal's teeth, ribs and lower jaw.

could remove the bones, buried deep in clay. Apparently the animal had been grazing when it died or was killed."

There has been some consideration given to mounting the bones into a reproduction of the elephant-like animal's

skeleton but many parts of the mastodon are missing. Only fragments of the huge tusks have been preserved, for example.

The larger natural history museums have mounted mastodons.

★ ★ ★

Mastodons roamed many forests and plains during the latter part of what is called the Ice Age. That was a long span of time when great glaciers moved back and forth over the northern part of the American continent. They covered everything in their path, even some mountains. These ice sheets were hundreds of feet thick and very powerful.

Jokes To Tickle Young Readers

THE counterman of the diner watched with interest as the customer poured spoonful upon spoonful of sugar into his coffee. Finally, after the twentieth was thrown in, he walked over to him and said, "Hey, why so much sugar in your coffee?"

"Oh, I like it real sweet," replied the customer. "Well, then why don't you stir it?" asked the counterman. "Because," answered the man, "I don't want too sweet."

THE DEMON

Little Old Lady: "Young man, you just missed me by an inch." Little Brat on tricycle: "Don't worry, lady. I'll be back in two minutes."

STARTING EARLY

When a mother presented her young son with a gaily decorated china mug to help stimulate his desire for drinking milk, he replied in disgust, "I've got the mug, but where's my shaving brush?"

MULE TROUBLE

First Rich Boy: "What happened to your chauffeur the other day?" Second Rich Boy: "He crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go."

Hee Haw! A teacher asked the question, "What is pasteurized milk?" One of the pupils answered, "It is milk from cows turned out to pasture."

How To Pitch A Tent

BACK yard tents are fun to play in — if you can construct them. Here's an easy method: Take four poles of the same height (a collection of sawed-off broom handles, rake handles and shovel handles from worn out tools are perfect for the purpose) and stick one end of each into the ground, spacing the four to form a square, at equal distances from each other.

Then bring the top ends together, so that they cross. Don't bother to tie them here at all. Instead, simply cover them with a large-sized tin or water bucket.

The result will be a very neat framework over which you can easily drape a blanket, an old sheet, or, if you want a waterproof tent, an old plastic tablecloth that's sufficiently large. For a nice snug fit, match a corner of each blanket with the bottom of a pole. Then secure here with safety pins, pulling the blanket edge that



NEWER GENERATION

A little boy went home from school and told his father that he was second from the top in his class and top honours went to a girl. His father was disappointed and said, "David, you aren't going to be beaten by a mere girl, are you?" David said, "Well you see, Dad, girls aren't as mere as they used to be."

HELP WANTED—OPTIONAL

A little boy had been naughty. He had pulled his sister's chair, put a load in the golden bowl, thrown a baseball through the front window, and then dropped a live mouse in the midst of his mother's bridge party, causing pandemonium.

In desperation, his mother told him to go upstairs, bathe, put on pyjamas, then kneel and ask God to make a good boy out of him.

His father chanced to go past his door in time to hear this: "Dear God. Make me a good boy if you can. If you can't, don't worry, because I'm having an awfully good time this way."

CITY WISE

A teacher asked the question, "What is pasteurized milk?" One of the pupils answered, "It is milk from cows turned out to pasture."

He Can't Settle Down

—Like a Puff of Smoke, Joe Floats Everywhere—

By MAX TRELL

"ME? My name's Joe Puff!" the little man said. Knarf and Handl, the shadow-children, with the turned-about names, looked sharply at the man who called himself Joe Puff. They were puzzled for a minute or two. There was something very familiar about Joe Puff but it was hard to tell just what it was. The trouble was that Joe Puff wouldn't stand still. He kept floating around the room!

On The Edge

Now he was standing on the edge of the chair! Now he was tumbling from the curtain-rod! To make matters even worse: he kept changing his size and his shape. He looked like a ball. He looked like a cat. He looked like a baseball bat. He looked like a bowl of oatmeal.

"Well," said Joe Puff, calling down from a corner of the ceiling, "don't you remember me, Knarf and Handl?"

He burst out laughing. It was a gurgling, smoky kind of laughing. And then suddenly Knarf and Handl remembered who Joe Puff really was.

"You're Joe the Smoke Man!" cried Handl.

Changed His Name

"What do you mean, by changing your name to Joe Puff?" said Knarf in a loud, angry voice. Knarf didn't like being fooled.

"You just come down here! Come down here at once, Joe!" ordered Handl. She held out her hand. Joe came floating slowly down. He was still laughing a little. He was having a fine time.

Joe finally settled himself down on the palm of Handl's hand. He drew up his knees. "I'm sorry I misled you up," he said, not sounding very sorry at all. "I like my new name. Puff . . . Joe Puff! Well, what do you think of it?"

Rupert and Dinkie—10



Without any apparent reason, it says and then springs back into position, and best of all, Rupert feels something rubbing against his ankle. But there is nothing to be seen. As he checks back in surprise he is quite sure he feels the voice again.



Joe Puff suddenly stood up on Handl's hand. "Get to go now," he said. And he floated up through the fireplace and out the chimney and was gone.



"It's upside-down pineapple-um cake, thash what it is."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

BORN today, you possess artistic and cultural talents. Things of the mind interest you more than those calling merely for physical labour. You appear to be versatile and may have a number of gifts. Once you have made your decision about what you want to do, stick to it without deviation.

There is a strong spiritual side to your nature and it is possible that you might enter the Church. It is more likely, however, that you will devote your talents to some religious group rather than becoming an integral part of the group, yourself. You have new and original ideas in art, music and literature and will probably become a leader in one of these fields.

Since you have a strong feeling for right and justice you will want to see that all get their just and right rewards in this life. Although you have a certain native ability in business and commerce you are not likely to concentrate on money-making, merely for the sake of material gains.

Interested in the occult and the mysterious, you might find it wise to have your dreams interpreted, for your subconscious is always very active, whether awake or sleeping.

Among those born on this date are: John Drew Sr., actor; Sarah Orne Jewett, author; Hannah F. Gould, poet; Haydn, composer; Alan Ladd, film star; and Prudence Crandall and Gardner Colby, philanthropists.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Church attendance may offer a definite advantage which will bring you happiness and contentment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Best for you to relax tensions today and not attempt too much entertaining right now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A change of scene might be a very good idea for you. It will get you out of a rut.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Slow and easy is the best pace for now. Don't attempt to hurry things.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Stay at home and write letters or telephone, rather than going out personally.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This could be a time for you to make some new and interesting friends with similar interests.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The atmosphere on the home front today will reflect your attitude. Radiate harmony.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Try to relax tensions today. It is better to neglect your social obligations than overdo it.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Spiritual values should hold importance for you today. Perhaps church attendance is indicated.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Generosity and kindness should be the spirit of today. Do what you can to help others.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Your highest desires may be partially granted today. Your attitude will be what counts.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may be asked to address a gathering on a subject close to the heart of the entire community.

BORN today, you are one of those highly adaptable and versatile individuals who seems to be able to turn your hand to almost anything. In fact, you are so handy, that you may wake up one fine day to find you are a good "jack of all trades"—but master of none! This need not happen if early in life you will decide upon some one thing in which you wish to excel and concentrate on that until you are expert.

You have a good head for business and will probably make money without having to work too hard for it. Exact and careful of detail, you are able to take care of routine with great ease. You are one to work well under others and should own your own enterprise.

You of the fair sex, especially, are influenced by your environment and are temperamentally unhappy if you are among people who are not culturally attuned. Love, affection and loving you are fond of having a beautiful home and will make a splendid wife and mother.

Among those born on this date are: Edward Bates, statesman; William E. Dodge, merchant philanthropist; Phoebe Cary, poet; Cyrena Van Gordon, singer; Lyle Saxon, and Harold McGrath, authors; and Thomas H. Walter, architect.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Give your attention to all sides of a question before making any definite decision today.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may combine business and pleasure at lunch today. Invite co-workers or perhaps the boss!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You may find that the Polyanna optimism of a friend is really helpful to you just now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you work hard today, you will find that you are making more than average progress on the job.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take things a little easy today. Trying to overwork your business calendar is no good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Carry forward your major objective by concentrating on the job at hand. Work hard at it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't let your emotions get control of your good, common sense today. Subdue anger.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—One of your very good days this month. A promotion or pay raise might be a slight indication.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may be able to conclude negotiations on something which has been hanging fire for some time.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Better not to make a final decision involving business expansion right now. Think it over.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Be sure that when you offer help today, it is for a worthy cause—not merely upon impulse.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may need to be patient if temporary setbacks seem to delay consummation of your plans.

ZOO'S WHO

THE TAPIR IS THE LARGEST LAND ANIMAL IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE...



DOCKS HAVE A TRANS-PARENT MEMBRANE TO PULL OVER THEIR EYES WHEN IN FLIGHT.

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NEW RECORDS by FRANCIS MARTIN

MONEY, MAESTRO, PLEASE!

BIGGISH man, iron-grey, in early fifties, cropped moustache, calm smile, panther tread. That, up to a point, is Ted Heath. His Cockney accent isn't half as savage as he fears. "When I play my talk back on tape I'm frightened," he owns.

On the band rostrum, looking like an amused, indulgent uncle, he gives his boys a beat they rarely need, the boys being fierce, footproof sight-readers to a man, each knowing what the rest are going to do with telepathic nous.

Sometimes he picks up the old trombone and plays 10 bars or so. "But I stopped playing as a regular thing while I was good. I'm now a band-leader-business man." With the downbeat on business, Heath leaves no penny unplaced.

At the summit

Example: "That motor-coach I had built for touring. Wardrobe for band uniforms. Buffet and washbasins. Boot to take instruments. Tip-back seats for sleeping. Cost me £5,500. When we weren't using it I hired it to a travel agency for VIP jobs. Get some of my outlay back?"

Commercially, Heath is about at the summit. The way up was long, blistering. At seven, prodigy and pride of Wandsworth, he played tenor horn. With the borough band he looked in at Crystal Palace contests. The music stands were taller than himself; they had to find him a ginger-beer case to stand on.

Six a.m. to six p.m., he slaved as a 14d.-an-hour apprentice in a coachbuilding shop. Broke away in the early 'twenties, joined a six-piece street band. "Mud on my trousers turn-up, man-in-the-raincoat type. Middling week earned thirty bob; good week ten pounds." Then slow graduation as trombonist from the Jack Hylton outfit (1929) to Gerald's (1940).

His own band he founded in 1945 on a £750 overdraft which swelled to £7,000 before he turned the corner.

The minimum

Progress report to date: "We're working all out: one broadcast, one recording session, two dances, three concerts every week. Never play to less than 1,600-capacity. With a band of our size and expense that's the minimum to pay the thing off. We reckon to earn £150 to £250 on ordinary week nights, £300 to £400 on Saturday, £400 or more on Sunday. £1,500 over the whole week, as much as £2,500 when we're playing twice nightly."

Martin: Your band, 19-strong, gets as much on Sunday or more than a symphony orchestra of 80.

Heath: Why not? We pull in more than a symphony orchestra.

So much for home market. Export?

Heath spent £10,000 early this year on round-the-world airline tickets for himself and boys. They played in Australia and New Zealand, sight-saw in Egypt, India, South Seas, Holy Wood, Miami. And he now talks of a six to eight weeks "pilot" season in America, exchanging with Stan Kenton's band, early 1956.

Well paved

The way for this seems well paved. "Must have sold nearly a million records in U.S. since 1953," thinks Heath. "Bulk of the royalties aren't in yet—they're always late in returning them—but I know there's a lot to come."

Twice married, with widowerhood between, Heath has a son, writing wife, Moira, six children (youngest three, eldest 20), and a 15-roomed house with acre-and-a-half garden—biggest house in Wimbledon. Has to be for us lot.

There you have the secret of Heath's calm smile. A man who has brought up six children on



TED HEATH in his luxury motor coach.

busking and overdrafts, if he survives all, will smile through anything; even when listening to the moon of the latest million dollar troubadour.

In Heath's library are 9,000 numbers, 1,200 of them always on tour. Two back-roomers turn out four to six new "arrangements" a week for him. Recent addition: "Barber Shop Jump," Decca F10580, 10in. 78r. This will send the pundits into a mauve pet. It is a cheeky re-echo of a tune from a 19th-century Rossini's "Barber of Seville" overture. But let the pundits pause before dropping dead with anguish. One of these same tunes was rejigged, every bit as cheekily, by Classicist

Stravinsky in his Card Game ballet.

Please sir, Heath may plead, it wasn't me started it, sir.

For a soulwash after a day of poise-playing, west, alarm—faced to Columbia 33 CX 1249, one 12in. LP. Thirteen of J. S. Bach's chorale preludes are played on a Strassburg church organ by the great, all but canonised, Albert Schweitzer, bush doctor, hospitalier, general de-godder and nee Bach pundit.

Bach, of course, is greater even than Schweitzer. Down the Strassburg nave his counterpoint rolls, thunders and wrestles majestically with itself. Good recording job.

BY THE WAY
by Beachcomber

RUSTIGUZZI's story of the wandering beard recalled to me an occasion at Covent Garden when Hans Fritter and Adeline Taploc were bawling a love-duet.

During an embrace Fritter's moustache came off and stuck to Taploc's upper lip. "She's a better man than you are, Gunga Dhin," shouted a voice from the gallery. The two singers kept their heads, but when Taploc, in her sweeping musketeer's moustache, sang "I am but a little maid," it was too much for the audience. At the next performance Fritter had his moustache stuck on with special marine glue, but Taploc kept her distance, dodging him like a wing three-quarter whenever he attempted to tackle her. The famous duet was like a ballet, and when Fritter lunged and missed, and measured his length on the floor, someone blew a referee's whistle. It was too, too frightful for words.

Barney, the Northern
REFERENCE to the Essex coast as the East Anglian

Riviera is quite in the fashion. Stockholm is often called the Venice of the North, and Pont-Audemer has been described as the Venice of Normandy. Bucharest used to be called the Paris of Eastern Europe, but the resemblance escaped me on my only visit. It is true that the Klefve Park imitates the Champs-Élysées in design, and there are boulevards, but... give me Huddersfield, the Vienna of Yorkshire.

(TOMORROW: Busby, the Montmartre of Glasgow.)

Clean air
WHEN the Clean Air becomes law, a householder who has saved enough money to buy some coal before the next rise in price will be liable to a fine if smoke is observed to be emerging from his chimney. One way to avoid this would be to block up the chimney, so that the smoke would fill the room, thus leaving the air outside exceptionally clean, except for petrol fumes, factory smoke, power-house smoke, railway smoke, falls of soot and other contaminating matter. The old and the sick should be encouraged, on cold days, to travel to the nearest moor and make a small fire of twigs. Kindly magistrates might refuse to impose fines for this unclean conduct.

Three Cohens in the fountain
MR COHEN and his two brothers removed their socks and paddled in the fountain. (News Item.)

TARGET
HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word use only the letters in each of the small squares. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre.

WORD GAME
centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 40 words, 50 words, 60 words, 70 words, 80 words, 90 words, 100 words. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Aery, canny, cry, crying, gayer, grating, grapy, grey, haphy, PABBYRIC, peary, paying, phery, riny, piracy, pray, prying, prey, prying, prying, pure, racy, rainy, repay, repaying, yern, year, year, year.

CHESS PROBLEM
By F. M. LINDBERG
Black, 3 pieces

White, 5 pieces.
White to play: mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem: 1. Q-Q4, any; 2. Q, R, B, or Kt mate.

Chess Problem
White, 5 pieces.
White to play: mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem: 1. Q-Q4, any; 2. Q, R, B, or Kt mate.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Contract Set By
Not Ruffing

BY OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand was given to me as a curiosity by my friend Irwin Fisher, one of Baltimore's best players. The question is whether six spades can be made against the best defence.

A glance is enough to show you that South is worried about losing two diamond tricks. If declarer leads diamonds East will play low on the first honour from the dummy but will cover the second honour. Since this will give the defenders two tricks in the suit, South must look for another way to reduce the loss in diamonds.

Declarer wins the first trick with dummy's ace of hearts, cashes the top clubs and ruffs a low club with a low trump. West must resist the temptation to overruff with the ten of spades, for then declarer will draw two rounds of trumps in the dummy and run the rest of the clubs. South is momentarily disappointed, but tries again by leading a low trump from his hand! West cannot afford to take the

NORTH (D)			
♠ 88			
♥ A4			
♦ J103			
♣ AK9643			
WEST			
♠ 103			
♥ Q10853			
♦ K754			
♣ J8			
EAST			
♠ KJ962			
♥ Q88			
♦ Q105			
SOUTH			
♠ AKQJ765			
♥ A82			
♦ 72			
North-South vul.			
North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	2♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
5♠	Pass	6♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♥5

ten of spades, for then South could get back to dummy with the nine of spades to run the rest of the clubs safely.

Dummy therefore wins with the eight of spades and leads a low club. East must take care to ruff this with his remaining trump, for otherwise South would be glad to discard a diamond. Now the dummy is dead. If South overruffs East, West can afford to discard again, giving up the ten of spades for good and relying on two diamond tricks to defeat the slam.

I'm afraid that very little of this would actually happen in play. West would overruff with the ten of spades at his first opportunity and there would go the chance to defeat the contract.

CARD SENSE

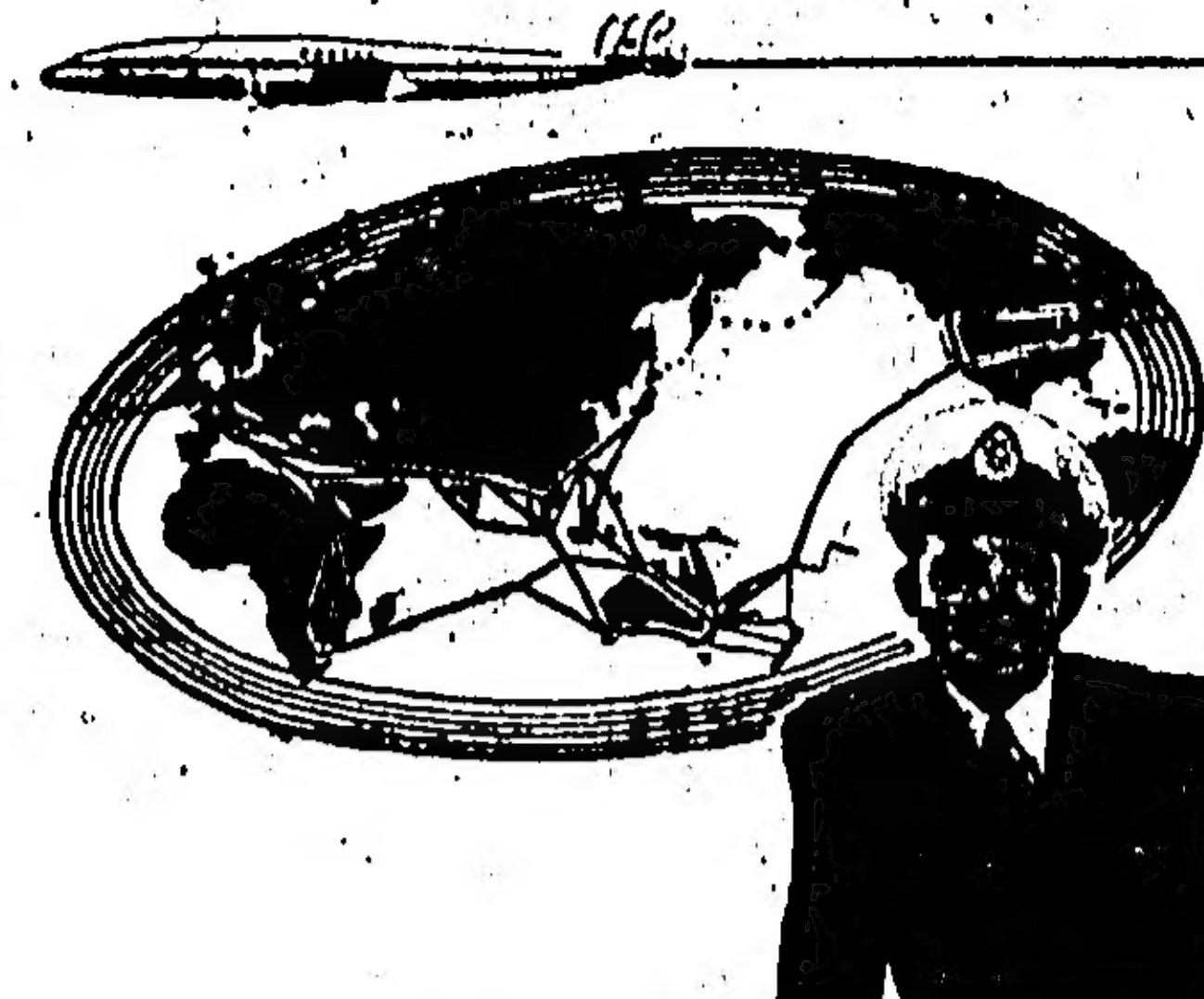
Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ Pass 1NT Pass
2♣ Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♠ 7 ♡ J62 ♢ KQ105 ♣ A73
What do you do?

A—Bid two no-trump. This unusual bid should show about 10 points, good stoppers in the unbid suits, and poor support for partner's major suit. If North now bids only three of a black suit, you will pass.

TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
♠ 7 ♡ A862 ♢ 854 ♣ QJ982
What do you do?

Answer Monday

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